

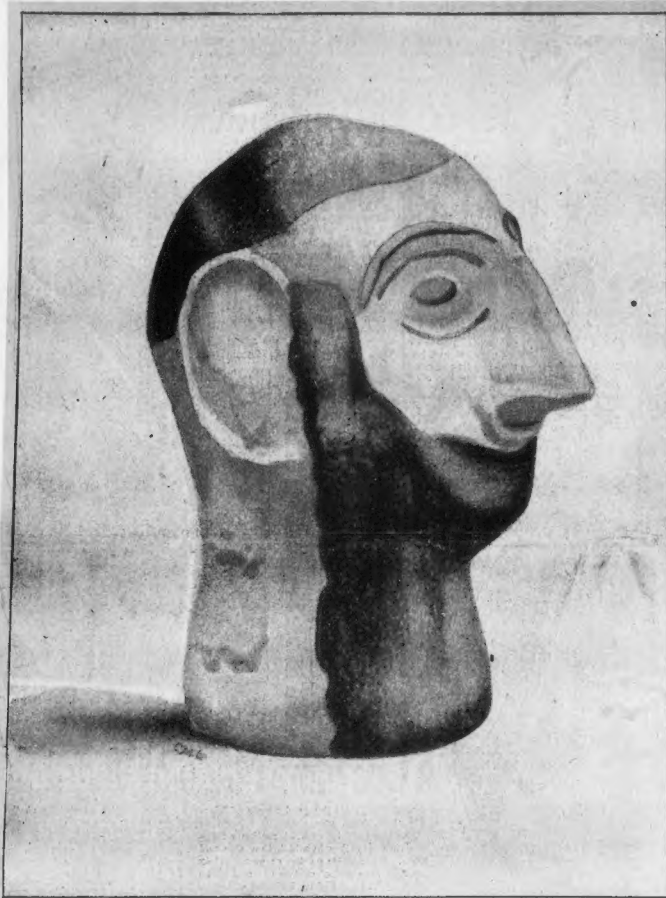
THE AMERICAN Greatest Circulation in the World WEEKLY

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Sunday, June 19, 1932

SCIENCE PROVES THE BIBLICAL DELUGE

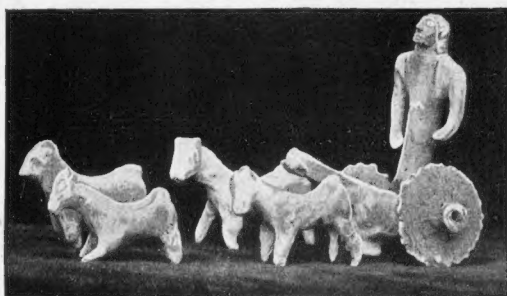
Remarkable Recent Discoveries
by Professor Langdon, Which
Corroborate the Scriptural
Story of the Flood



Reconstruction Drawing of the Bust of a Man Who Lived Before the Flood, Found at Ancient Kish.



Excavations by Professor Langdon at Kish, Near Babylon, Showing the Layer of Houses Below a Flood That Overwhelmed the City Not Less Than 6,000 Years Ago.



Interesting Piece of Pottery, Probably a Toy, Placed in a Tomb Before the Flood.
Photograph from Field Museum of Natural History.



Interesting Bust of a Man Who Lived Before the Flood at Kish, One of the Same Race as Noah.

Photographs by Prof. Stephen Langdon, Director of the Oxford-Field Museum Expedition to Kish.



A Side View of the Pre-Diluvial Man of Kish, Showing His Peculiar Nose.

EXCAVATIONS at Kish, in Mesopotamia, have proved beyond question the reality of the Biblical deluge. Professor Stephen Langdon, in charge of the joint expedition of the University of Oxford and the Field Museum, has dug down to a point twenty-five feet below the level of King Nebuchadnezzar and Bible times and found there abundant evidence of a civilization existing before the flood. Readers of these pages will remember the interesting article published recently concerning the discoveries made at Shuruppak, on the Euphrates River, the home town of Noah, by an expedition of the University of Pennsylvania. The original Noah, whose name was Uta-Naphistim, belonged to the same race as the people whose relics have been found at Kish. The records prove beyond doubt that this famous navigator came from Shuruppak. Kish lies near the Euphrates, and was overwhelmed by the same flood that destroyed Shuruppak and caused Noah to make his celebrated voyage in the ark. Both cities were restored after the flood, but Kish became more important. It was much farther north than Shuruppak and within a few miles of Babylon. This pre-flood period is not less than 6,000 years old. Above it lies a stratum of earth one and a half feet thick, consisting of fine river sand mixed with fresh water shells and rows of small fish. This proves that the old civilization was destroyed by a flood of extraordinary severity. The remains of the old civilization occupy a level fifteen feet deep at Kish. Many tombs have been found here, and among the inter-

esting articles in them are fine copper weapons and pottery of 6,000 years ago.

Perhaps the most interesting object recovered was the painted head of a man of the race that flourished before the flood. This is the people to which old Noah belonged, and perhaps that patriarch looked very much like this. The hair of the head and the full beard are black, the skin of a pale reddish yellow.

The man is described as a good specimen of the armenoid, or round-headed, type. He belonged to the Sumerian race, the original inhabitants of the country. It is evident that the sculptor somewhat exaggerated the features of the man he represented. An artist working under Professor Langdon's instructions has made a drawing of the head showing it in perfect condition.

The thick deposit of river matter shows that there was a flood which practically ended the early civilization of Kish, but it is likely that some of the inhabitants escaped in boats. This would be in harmony with the Bible story of Noah's ark and the flood, although science does not accept the assertion that only one family escaped from the flood.

The evidence proves that the later Sumerians and Semites preserved objects of art and inscriptions from remote periods of their history. This would explain how they knew about Noah's adventure.

Many details of life before the flood can be pieced together from the relics found at Kish. They lived well, for they used a great variety of cooking utensils. Ducks and wild fowl were abundant in the country along the Euphrates, and the citizens enjoyed many a savory stew made from those birds.

Not Citizens But The Indians Got Their Public School

that when they established themselves in the village of Guadalupe some 40 years ago, they drifted across into this country from Mexico where they had the reputation of being lazy renegades with nothing in common with the Mexicans or the other Indians in the country.

Uncle Sam let them squat, but he did not take them under his wing, so to speak. So, for all these years, the inhabitants of Guadalupe have lived in their sprawling village of adobe huts amid the cactus and mesquite, as residents of the United States, but not as citizens or wards.

Little by little, the Red Men from Mexico picked up American ideas and ideals, although they still cling to their ancient and pagan tribal traditions. Their desire for the advantages of the white man developed slowly, but they finally got to the point where they wanted their somewhat wild youngsters to go to school and, from their point of view, grow up to "be somebody."

Where the Yaqui Pupils' Lunches Are Cooked. The Stove Was Once a Liquor Still, but It Was Turned Over to the Arizona Tribe.

UNCLE SAM looks upon many Indian tribes as his wards. In his way, he takes care of the Sioux, the Choctaw, the Apache, the Ojibwa and the Ute—but not the Yaqui, even though this red-skinned cousin of the Government's charges weaves his blankets and stages his traditional pagan dances on the sands of the Arizona desert, not far from the city of Phoenix.

If it seems like unfatherly and unfair discrimination on the part of Uncle Sam, it must be remembered that the Yaquis actually are "squatters," and



The First Rule of the School Is Cleanliness. Washing Classes, Such as That Pictured Above, Are Held at the Opening of School Every Morning.

met, but they saw no harm in asking for a school. One night a sort of tribal pow-wow was staged in the desert about 10 miles south of Phoenix. Most of the Yaquis were there and so were a few white "guests," principally Miss Louise B.

closed for some time and its owner was glad to rent it for \$7 a month. The moth-eaten old pool tables were taken out and desks and chairs were installed. The walls were painted and the windows washed. Geography charts and blackboards gave the place an educational atmosphere. A pretty young teacher arrived in Guadalupe and, on the morning that she appeared in the door to ring the inevitable hand-bell, 25 curious and bright-eyed brown-faced youngsters were gathered in the sandy schoolyard.

Most of these boys and girls were as shy as animals. Few of them knew more than a word or two of English. They were dirty and underfed. The teacher saw that there was much work to be done if this rather sad assortment of youthful Yaquis was to be whipped into proper shape.

For the first few days the teacher gave little thought to imparting the so-called Three R's to her class. She put a long bench beside the schoolhouse door and equipped this bench with wash basins, soap, towels and combs. The "opening exercises," she explained to her charges, would be held here every morning. The youngsters took to the water like ducks.

The next move was the establishment of a school kitchen where noon-time lunches could be cooked. Empty stomachs and keen minds, the teacher knew, do not go together. An old Yaqui squaw was engaged as cook. She also assisted in the morning exercises at the wash stand.

Within a month, the school was a going concern. Simple lessons in English were under way. The happy youngsters were reciting their A. B. C.'s and singing their do, re, mi's. At recess time the boys played baseball, which they liked better than any of their native games, and the girls were eagerly learning to jump rope and play hop-scotch.

Once in awhile Jose, the wrinkled old chief of the Yaquis, would drop in to watch the proceedings and to assure the teacher that he, personally, was available to apply the rod to any of his subjects who got out of hand. Today the schoolhouse pupils can expect nothing from Uncle Sam as an

enrollment of more than 100 boys and girls and two nights a week the one-time poolroom and dance hall is filled with Yaqui braves and squaws who are learning English and the rudiments of civilized home-making.



Mrs. Ben Britton, of Weslaco, Texas, Wearing a Costume Made of Carrots, Cabbage, Turnips, Beets, Lettuce and Broccoli. The Parusel Is of the Same Materials.

A Costume Made of Vegetables

EVERY YEAR the good people of Weslaco, Tex., pay thankful tribute to the fertility of that section of the Rio Grande Valley in which they live and labor. When their garden crops are safely up they take a day or two off and make what might be called agricultural whoopees. This season they decided to stage what they called a vegetable style show, in which the womenfolk fashioned costumes entirely of the products of the soil and participated in a fashion parade. One of the most original and ingenious of the outfits was that shown in the photograph directly above. It's a remarkable ensemble, made not of the usual silk or tulle, but of carrots, cabbage, turnips, beets, lettuce, broccoli and other growing things raised in the good earth of the Lone Star State.

One of the spectators at the unusual style show remarked: "Why, the outfit looks good enough to eat!"—and that's exactly what the wearer, Mrs. Ben Britton, and her family did when the sagan was over. She dismantled the costume, carrot by carrot, turnip by turnip and lettuce head by lettuce head. These edibles went into the family vegetable bins and were, in due time, cooked and served on the Britton table.

Perhaps the most interesting discovery by the women and girls who designed and made vegetable ensembles was the really beautiful color schemes that can be worked out with common garden truck. The leaves of the vegetables, they found, furnish several harmonious shades of green, which combine naturally with the dull orange of carrots and the deep crimson of beets.

She Pulls Royal Teeth

ROME. A FEW WEEKS AGO, a professional looking man alighted from an automobile at the portals of exiled Kaiser Wilhelm's mansion in Doorn, Holland. A uniformed flunkey relieved him of a little black bag and showed him into the one-time war lord's private study, where the master of the estate paced back and forth, holding unhappily to his jaw. The professional looking man was a celebrated dental surgeon from Amsterdam, and, after a careful examination of the Hohenzollern molar, he respectfully recommended that his patient have three teeth pulled as soon as possible. He would, he intimated, be honored to perform the operation. The former Kaiser bade the dentist a courteous goodby and called for his private secretary. "Take a telegram," he said, "to Signorina Emilia Quaranta. You'll find her address in Rome in the files."

Three days later this woman arrived in Doorn with a pair of big leather cases and two efficient-looking nurses. With the equipment in the cases and the assistance of the nurses, she pulled

the offending molar—and added to her considerable fame and fortune. Signorina Quaranta frequently is called to make such professional visits as that paid to the "Prisoner of Doorn," because she is one of the ablest dental surgeons in the world, and because, soon after she opened her offices in Rome, she had the good fortune to perform a successful hurry-up operation on a throbbing tooth in the head of a member of the Italian royal family.

One royal job led to another, and the young woman soon found that at least half of her time and skill was being devoted to royal patients. Her reputation as a charming person and a good dentist spread about the European courts. When the Crown Prince of Norway found that he could suffer from toothache as terribly as the poorest of his subjects he rushed a letter on the royal stationery to Rome.

A dental operating room was set up in the royal palace and the Prince was soon relieved of his suffering. The Crown Princess, it developed, had a tooth or two that needed attention, and these were drilled and filled. Among her patients, the world's most famous woman dentist now numbers two kings, three queens and no less than eighteen princes and princesses.



Signorina Emilia Quaranta, Italy's Most Famous Woman Dentist. She Cares For and Sometimes Pulls the Teeth of Members of the Royal Family. Members of Norway's Ruling House Also Patronize Her.



Four Canine Pals of Rillie, the Famous Terrier of Torrance, California, Whose Career Ended When an Auto Struck Him, Bearing the Body to the Grave.

Neighborhood "Pips" Pailbearers for Famous Dog

WHEN an automobile snuffed out the life of "Rillie," prize terrier owned by J. E. Kennedy, of Torrance, California, the entire neighborhood mourned the dog's death and suggested that the pet be given a regulation funeral.

A burial plot was selected and plans were made for consigning "Rillie" to the earth with more elaborate last rites than are accorded many a deceased human. It seemed fitting that the "hearse"—a child's toy wagon—should be drawn by some of the dog's four-legged friends.

The photograph at the left shows the body of the popular pet on its way to the cemetery. The active pailbearers, every one of which is plainly saddened by the passing of their pal, had known Rillie for several years and had chased cats and barked for hours with him along the sidewalks of Torrance and in many a back yard.

These dogs seemed to know when their masters took them to the Kennedy home, that they were bound on an unhappy errand. When they were taken into the room where Rillie's body lay, stiff in death,

their tails dropped and they walked, tails down, to the bier.

One of the pailbearers lay flat on the floor and put his nose between his outstretched paws, almost as though he were praying for the repose of the terrier's soul in whatever Paradise is set aside for dogs. Another of the canine mourners put his paws close to Rillie's head and looked at the closed eyes and cold mouth. He wagged his tail slowly back and forth. That was his way of bidding farewell to a friend. The humans gathered for the funeral dabbed at their eyes with their handkerchiefs.

The funeral procession was followed by most of the children in the neighborhood, for Rillie was their friend, too. Some of the youngsters cried when they saw the body of the terrier covered with a mound of flowers.

All the way to the grave, the canine pailbearers were on their good behavior. They paced along slowly and none of them so much as barked, not even when a cat crossed the path of the procession, and when Rillie's body was lowered into the ground they showed, by their expressions, that they understood his days on earth were over.

Mlle. Spinelly's Noisy Household

A Solemn Member of the British Embassy Rents Part of the French Actress' Residence and Refuses to Pay the Rent Because of the Din and Hubbub—Testimony in Court That Amuses All Paris



Spinelly, Emerging From Her Bathtub, Which Is Sunk Into the Floor of the Room Adjoining Her Bedroom in Her Famous Paris Residence.



Paris Residence of Mlle. Spinelly, Which Faces the Champ-de-Mars. The Cavendish-Bentinck Rented the First and Second Floors, While the Actress Retained the Upper Floors and Roof.

Mr. Victor Frederick William Cavendish-Bentinck, First Secretary of the British Embassy at Paris, Who Rented a Portion of Spinelly's Paris Residence.



Spinelly and Her Nine-Year-Old Son.



The Actress Complained of the Noise of the Cavendish-Bentinck Dogs, But She Herself Has Quite a Menagerie of Dogs and Other Animals.

Mlle. Spinelly in Her Latest Production, "L'Amour à l'Américaine."

PARIS, June 10. Mlle. SPINELLY, known familiarly as "Spi", has often entertained the French public by affairs and episodes which did not happen on the stage. But nothing has more hugely amused Paris of late than the row this lively stage star has engaged in with Mr. Victor Frederick William Cavendish-Bentinck, solemn, scholarly First Secretary of the British Embassy in Paris.

Spinelly owns a charming private residence at No. 41 Avenue Charles-Floquet here, and it happened that the distinguished Britisher, who is a cousin of the Duke of Portland and claims to be a cousin of the King of England, in looking about for a house decided the Spinelly mansion would very nicely suit him. Mr. Cavendish-Bentinck and his wife met Spinelly and they were all charmed with each other. A bargain was struck and the diplomat and his family moved in, taking a three years' lease.

The house, situated far from the hubbub of the boulevards and opposite the famous Champ-de-Mars, offered a fine playground for the two little Cavendish-Bentinck children. The comedienne with her nine-year-old son and servants had reserved the two upper floors, and Madeleine was frequently out of town filling engagements in the other capitals of Europe.

The British diplomat and his family seemed very happy and well satisfied with their residence. The stage star was away a large part of the time and they saw very little of her, and heard very little from the servants and the actress's son on the upper floors. But after a few months workmen appeared and noises began to reverberate down from the top of the house. The Bentinck family were awakened early in the morning by the racket and din caused by masons, carpenters and decorators. Investigation revealed the fact that Mlle. Spinelly had decided to build a studio on the roof. This was quite an elaborate affair and, after suffering from the noises for several weeks, the British diplomat addressed a diplomatic letter of protest to the proprietress, who was then spending a vacation in her villa at Rueil, a suburb of Paris.

Spinelly was "so sorry" and promptly replied, promising to do something about the matter. But the work on the roof stopped to grow louder than ever, and one day the Secretary of the British Embassy climbed to the roof and asked the laborers if they had received orders to make as much noise as possible. This undiplomatic remark was passed on to Spinelly at her villa, and at about the same time another letter arrived from



Spinelly's Enormous Bed, Big Enough for Three or Four.

Cavendish-Bentinck, and this time it was not in diplomatic language. He told her what he thought of a woman who would rent a residence and then order workmen to perform services which made the house a hellish to live in. Spinelly replied that the house belonged to her, that if she wished to have a studio built there it was her affair, and that if he disliked the "bruit," he could stuff cotton in his ears—or words to that effect. She also expressed her doubts as to his being cousin to the English monarch, saying he seemed to be related rather to Moros—a character in one of Ben Jonson's plays she had been reading—who had such a horror of sound that he discharged a servant whose shoes cracked. Did Mr. Cavendish-Bentinck, after such an insult to his dignity, gather up his wife, children and belongings, and quit the place? No. Unfortunately, he had signed a three-years' lease, at an annual rent of 75,000 francs (about \$2,000), and he probably reflected that a sudden departure would not only cost him a pretty penny but would give altogether too much pleasure to his "proprietress." Stoically, he determined to endure the racket until the lease expired. This decision, however, did not prevent him from exchanging acrimonious letters with Mlle. Spinelly, and when the quarter's rent was due, he took revenge by refusing to pay.

Furious to find her tenant would neither pay nor depart, the artist, who had now returned to her Paris home after her vacation, is said to have done her best to make things unpleasant for the Secretary, who now began to hear some new and different noises. With that shrill voice for which she is famous, "Spi" warbled songs in the wee hours of the morning, she practiced dances in the room situated over Bentinck's study and she invited friends to uproarious all-night parties in her apartments. Her servants made observations of the diplomat and his wife, and the story was spread that there was discord between them. But Mr. Cavendish-Bentinck didn't budge, and Mlle. Spinelly was forced to go to law to try and collect her rents. It was some time, though, before the footlight lady could come across a lawyer willing to prosecute the diplomat. As Secretary to the British Embassy, he claimed diplomatic immunity, his motto appeared to be "moll me tangere," and his attorney said no good would come to anyone who dared attack a King's cousin. "Spi" was given to understand that her "Paris" residence was nothing more nor less than English territory—so long as her distinguished tenant stopped there—and that she could only bring action against him in London. Finally, M. Anatole de Monzie, an ex-Cabinet Minister celebrated as the

"petit Machiavel," agreed to handle her case, and the artist started suit immediately against her boarder for back rent amounting to 65,000 francs (about \$2,500). Mr. Cavendish-Bentinck then filed a counter-claim of 80,000 francs (about \$3,200), declaring that for 15 months, during the latter part of his residence at Mlle. Spinelly's home, he and his family had been driven to distraction by laborers pounding on the roof. At the preliminary hearing in the Versailles Tribunal, M. Lenard, counsel for Mr. Cavendish-Bentinck and erstwhile secretary to "Spi's" advocate, delivered a long harangue in praise of his client's honor and integrity, following which he proceeded to delve ungalantly into the actress's past to the delight of everyone present except Mlle. Spinelly.

"Spi" told the judge the studio workmen were by no means responsible for all the noises in the hotel. The vedette charged she had been terribly annoyed by the diplomat's entourage of pets, which included three Pomeranian dogs that yapped all day, two tomcats that made night hideous with their love-sick lays, a loud-voiced parrot, and a dozen "noisy" pigeons. "If Mr. Bentinck objects to the clamor caused by my decorators," she said, "I have more reason to complain of the 'decorations' made by his filthy birds." Court spectators smiled at her protest, for she is known to be extravagant and Leyland—her three long-cubed, fifteen terrors, crocodile, stork, Siamese cats, pigeons, and birds of paradise.

The smile of the spectators broadened into a grin when she pretended to have been bothered by Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck's "boisterous" soirees, as no compulsion in the capital rejoices more, in noisy entertainments than "Spi." In 1927, Marcel Epiau, an indiscreet journalist, created quite a scandal by relating how she danced, dined and drank with jazz-band artists at a notorious Bal Negre. And at Saint-Germain-de-Lux not long ago Mlle. Spinelly, Alice Cocea and Davaud were the hilarious heroines of a so-called title contest, during which one of the judges had himself intoxicated by the

chairs of these three graces—and the lead champagne served at the fête—that he was compelled to retire precipitately without pronouncing judgment.

A second hearing of the case was postponed because "Spi" was filling a theatrical engagement in Brussels. It appears she could not afford to cancel it, for ever since Mr. Cavendish-Bentinck left her residence last January—on the expiration of his lease—and went to take his new post as First Secretary to the British Legation in Athens, the apartments have been vacant. Fearing she might be unable to collect the unpaid rent, Mlle. Spinelly, who is a Basque and therefore very thrifty, is making every effort to recover her losses. The little comedienne vows, however, she would rather leave the unpaid rent, Mlle. Spinelly, who is a Basque and therefore very thrifty, is making every effort to recover her losses.

Spinelly's Paris home is remarkable, and her bathtub is really a swimming pool and will hold as many as twenty persons. The huge "tub" adjoins Spinelly's bedroom with its famous and enormous bed which sits up and receives intimate friends, and on the right hand portion she eats her breakfast. And there are three special pillows for the three divisions of the bed—breakfast pillow is covered with neopolitan broadcloth velvet, the sleeping pillow is from a Buddhist monk's cell, the cover of the bed is a cloth from an ancient Spanish cathedral.

Mlle. Spinelly bewailed her bad luck recently in a chat with a visitor. "Why don't you write a story of my life," she asked him, "and call it 'The Unlucky Lady'?" Consider this household residence of mine. It was built in 1914, and how bitterly I regret it! I spent a fortune on the winding Gothic staircase, the stained glass windows, the Roman atrium supported by gilded col-

umns, the boudoirs furnished with all imaginable elegance and luxury, the Pompeian bath with friezes representing the gallantest scenes in Ovid's 'Metamorphoses,' the replica of a Hindu temple gilded with a great bronze Buddha.

"Among the first celebrities I entertained here was a famous French flying ace, on leave from the front. A few days later he fell to heroic death."

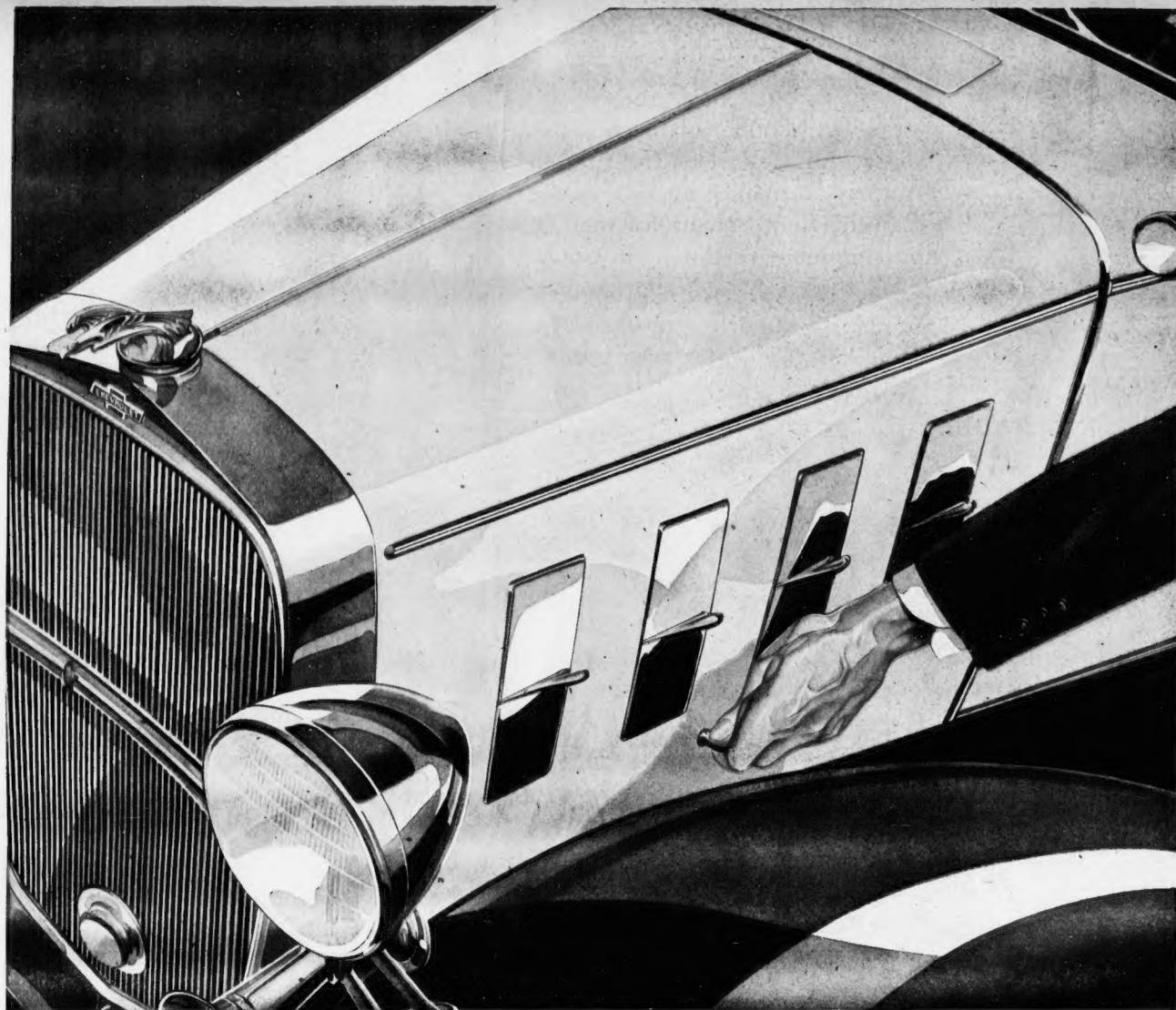
"Ah, if you only knew the atrocious things said about me! No doubt some persons think because I was a friend of King Ferdinand of Rumania and of Alfonso XIII, that I am responsible for the death of the former and exile of the latter! Jules Clarence was right in describing the theatre as a 'macabre lottery.'"

"My fortune, alas, follows me wherever I go," she continued. "In 1925 I had an engagement at a London theatre, but on my arrival it was called off on account of the general strike. Two years ago I signed a contract to appear in a repertoire of sixteen plays at Buenos Aires. Yet no sooner had I landed there than a revolution broke out, the President was deposed, and the journals jestingly referred to my presence as the cause of Frigoyan's overthrow. I beat a hasty retreat to Brazil, hoping to be able to play at Rio de Janeiro, and there was greeted by another uprising. The day I sailed away the hotel in which I had been stopping was bombarded!"

"If 'Spi' or any of her literary friends ever do write a record, the history of her career, the book is certain of a big sale—especially if it is illustrated with the photos taken of the vedette five years ago by Mrs. Octave d'Orca, pet photographer of Paris society and stagehand. Still, it is a question whether any writer could obtain Mlle. Spinelly's consent to publish the pictures."

Everybody knows that while the actress' voice is shrill, the lines of her figure are most harmonious. They are so harmonious, in fact, that her admirer, Senor Tito, persuaded her one day to visit Mme. d'Orca's studio and pose for a series of photos as nature had created her. Although these intimate studies were supposed to have been made for the couple's sole use and appreciation, Mme. d'Orca later sold copies of them. "Die Welt" has a theatrical paper of Vienna. "Spi" happened to see the paper, flew into a fine rage, and sued the photographer for 100,000 francs damages.

"My face, my shoulders and my legs belong to the crowd," she exclaimed. Mlle. Spinelly in the Paris Tribunal. "Any spectator in the theatre who is playing can buy a peep at them for a few francs. But the rest of me belongs to myself—and to these I love!"



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CHEVROLET SIX

Queer Things Science is Puzzled to Account For

The Claims That Streams of Water and Buried Treasure Can Be Located

With a "Divining Rod;" the Widespread Belief in "Telepathy;"

Destructive Manifestations of the "Poltergeist" and Other Phenomena Frequently Reported



The Manifestations of a Poltergeist Were Reported in the Rectory of the Church at Cideville, France—Chairs and Tables, a Cat and a Dog Were Reported Thrown Up to the Ceiling and a Grandfather's Clock Was Said to Have Danced Around the Room.

The Astrologer of the Dark Ages. But if Science Can Penetrate Mysteries and Read the Future, Why Did Not Even One of Them Come Forward With Any Useful Information in the Lindbergh Baby Kidnaping Case?

SCIENCE has unraveled many mysteries of Nature, but there are some things it is not yet able to explain. And there are other phenomena widely believed by sincere people, and human experiences honestly reported by individuals, which science is unable either to confirm or definitely deny.

Is there any real power in the willow twig or "divining rod" which many assert can be used to locate hidden treasure or streams of water? Is it true or not that some individuals are able to communicate with each other by mysterious mutual influence of their minds, known as "telepathy"? Is there any truth in the supposed "mass hypnotism" by which Indian fakirs and savage medicine men are asserted to be able to make whole crowds see the same mysterious visions at the same time? And what about ghosts?

Many believe in astrology, palmistry, "running the cards" and other pretended ways of reading the future. But it has again and again been pointed out that it is very remarkable that these seers do not take advantage of their powers to get rich in the stock market or real estate booms, or ever tell in advance of a great steamship disaster, railroad accident, assassination of a nationally known person, like the late President Doumer of France, or other events of tremendous importance to themselves and the rest of mankind. And why did none of these people foresee the kidnaping of the Lindbergh baby nor, after the child had been stolen, come forward with even the smallest particle of information of any kind which would have proved their claims?

Do some individuals have a special "weather sense" which enables them to forecast the weather more accurately than the Weather Bureau's instruments and weather maps? Do other individuals possess a mysterious "sense of direction" by which they can find their way home in the dark or over an unknown country without depending on the stars or a compass or on any other ordinary aid? Finally, can it be true that there are mysterious "runs of luck" which violate the conventional, scientific laws of chance and which no scientist understands? To these questions science can neither give a clear yes or a clear no. Much work has been done to test these matters, but never has the proof been absolute one way or the other.

About water divining the disputes are especially severe. No one can doubt that these individuals actually do find water, perhaps metals also, many times. One especially convincing experiment was carried out a few years ago at Plymouth, England, under the direction of Mr. A. J. Caddie, director of the Museum and Art Gallery of that city. A diviner, Mr. Frederick Stone by name, succeeded in finding several gold articles previously hidden by the director.

Unfortunately for the simplicity of ideas about these subjects, no such test is considered conclusive by the critics of the theory of divining. It is possible, these critics say, that the diviner may be influenced, perhaps unconsciously, by ordinary indications. It is known, for example, that there is an art of muscle reading in which some persons become so expert that they can take the hand of another who knows where some article is hidden and go more or less directly to the spot. It is also known that some persons are able to unconsciously move the muscles of the person who knows whether the article is approached or not. It is precisely the same thing as children saying that a searcher is "hotter" or "colder" as the searcher goes nearer to the object sought or farther from it. The only difference is that the indications given by the person's muscles are unconscious.

The evidence for the reality of the supposed power to communicate between minds without words or other signals, and sometimes at great distances, consists of remarkable instances in which such persons are supposed to have been present. To all such evidence the skeptic is entitled to assert that these instances are unexplained as mere coincidences or perhaps as due to the habit of all human beings to remember things imperfectly and thus to magnify the perfection of such occurrences. Certainly it is true that for most human beings, and for the ordinary circumstances no such thing as telepathy exists.

Many comprehensive tests have been carried out in an effort to obtain scientific proof of this power in extraordinary instances. Recently in England, for ex-



Photograph of a Divining Rod Expert Standing by a Spring of Water, Which It Is Said He Discovered With His Willow Rod.



Indian Fakir and the Famous "Roque Trick." He Claims to Be Able to Throw a Rope Into the Air, Where It Remains Outstretched. Scientists Assert That This Is Some Kind of Trick. Photograph and the Spectators Have Been Deceived in Some Way.

The Famous Indo-Italian Fakir Blakman, Who Tried His Burial-Alive Trick Once Too Often and Suffocated in His Coffin in an Argentine Theatre. Science Is Able to Explain This Trick.

ample, a committee of scientific men and others interested in psychical research organized a world-wide experiment in which playing cards sealed in opaque envelopes were sent, in rotation, to a large number of individuals. These persons were asked to set down, by guess, the names of the cards inside. The theory was that if telepathy existed, some of these guesses might acquire the necessary information telepathically from the persons who had made up the cards and who knew which was which. Also, if there is such a thing as the supposed power of clairvoyance—the power of seeing through opaque materials—some of the guessers ought to get evidence in this way of what cards were inside.

Like all similar experiments, the results were inconclusive as that telepathy is without any actual evidence that telepathy or clairvoyance exists, although there is an equal lack of satisfactory proof that they do not exist and that all of the mysticisms of reported instances are delusions or fakes.

The matter of mass hypnotism belongs in the same class as telepathy. Hypnotism is admitted to be entirely real, as is the fact that a hypnotized person usually can be made to see and believe in visions that are unreal and merely suggested by the hypnotist. The thing which many scientific men still doubt, although it would explain many reported marvels of savage and primitive magic, is that any large number of people could be hypnotized successfully at the same time, like persons in a crowd, and all

made to see precisely the same visions at the same instant.

One of the most remarkable ghost stories is one related not long ago by Dr. Walter Franklin Prince of the Boston Society for Psychical Research, in which the ghost was supposed to have been seen by a dog as well as by a human being. That human beings frequently imagine that they have seen ghosts is undoubted and no scientist worries much about explaining this, since it is well known that people often see and hear imaginary things because of tricks that normal minds sometimes play on themselves. It is difficult, however, to explain how a dog and a human could have seen a ghost at the same time as a result of any internal mental illusion. Perhaps the facts of the reported instance are wrong or perhaps the dog really saw nothing, but merely was frightened by the sight of its human companion. Any way, science still is unable to say definitely either that such things as ghosts exist or that they do not.

Experts in the study of psychical phenomena have another set of facts which science still is unable either to explain away or to accept. In far too many instances to dismiss as lies or delusions, mysterious things have happened in individual houses or near individual human beings. These manifestations of the "poltergeist" (a ghost that throws things around) are reported now and then by persons of good character who evidently are sincere.

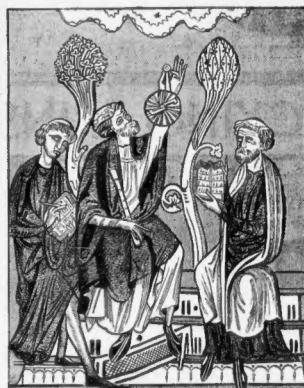
In a house at Great Bealings, England, for example, there happened in 1834 a series of mysterious ringings of the bell and other noises which were studied recently by the well-known English naval officer and expert on timepieces, Lieutenant-Commander Rupert T. Gould. Only a few months ago

the wife of the Lord Mayor of London was annoyed, by continued mysterious noises in the official mansion.

Dr. Bataille, a French investigator, reported extraordinary manifestations which occurred in 1881 at the rectory of the church at Cideville in France. Chairs and tables, a cat and a dog were reported thrown up to the ceiling, and a grandfather's clock was said to have danced around the room.

The conventional explanation is that some human practical joker was at work, and no one can deny that this is possible. Yet it may be urged, on the other side of the question, that no such joker ever has been caught in the many investigations of celebrated cases of this kind.

One set of phenomena once regarded as in this same mysterious class now is explained and accepted; the phenomena concerning catalepsy, living burial and similar things. There is little doubt that certain individuals, mostly Indian fakirs and their imitators, have allowed themselves to be buried underground for hours or even days in small coffins, have revived when dug up and have been none the worse for the experience. The secret of this feat, however, is that the human body really needs very little air, provided there is no muscular movement at all. The fakir who intends to go through this trick of living burial merely puts himself into a hypnotized condition in which he knows that his body will not make the slightest movement. There is then enough air inside the coffin for his needs during the time of the test. If he were buried longer he probably would die, or if he were from his hypnotic sleep and began to move his muscles and to use more air.



Old Thirteenth Century Print, Showing Astrologers With Their Primitive Instruments Consulting the Stars. So They May Forecast the Future.

The mystery of the "singing sands" was solved recently by a report of an occurrence in the Arabian desert experienced by the well-known traveler, Mr. Bertram Thomas. He describes the noise made by the sand not as a gentle whisper which might be caused by the wind or by sand sliding down the side of a dune, but as a loud, droning, musical note "indistinguishable from the siren of a modernized steamship." Experts in acoustical science know no way in which so loud a sound as this can be produced from sand grains, even if there are billions of them in a desert dune. Here is another mystery, it is evident, for future research to solve.

The "weather sense" that some individuals feel sure that they possess already is in process of being explained, some experts believe, through newly discovered effects of the air pressure and other weather conditions on the amount of water held in the tissues of the human body.

The supposed sense of direction which some people claim to possess is another of the mysteries which science now feels itself able to interpret. Not long ago a boy believed to possess this mysterious sense was tested carefully by Dr. Harry R. De Silva of the University of Kansas and was found to have nothing more cunning than a first class memory for the twists and turns of any path along which he was led.

Some of the allegations of astrology belong, also, among the mysteries about which scientists suspect that they have useful clues. Several re-

cent studies of the relation of a person's birth date to his mental and physical characteristics or to his later career and success have suggested that the kind of food available for a young baby may affect these elements of character and success. This food varies, of course, at different times of the year and depends on when the baby is born. There are more fresh vegetables and foods containing vitamins in the Summer, for example, than in the Winter. So it actually may be true that the month of a person's birth has some general effect, although scarcely a controlling effect, on later character, health and the like.

Perhaps it was none dim appreciation of these facts by ancient peoples that suggested the beginnings of astrology, although that subject now has spread much more widely and has taken on ideas and claims to which no scientist is willing to subscribe in any degree at all.

Finally, there is the mystery of what gamblers call "hot" or "cold" or "lucky" periods—times or people for which all chances seem to work out favorably and none unfavorably. According to the mathematical laws of chance, such events are impossible. One time, they say, may be balanced by bad luck at another time. Over a long enough time or series of events, good luck and bad luck must be equal.

No experienced gambler, however, can be persuaded to agree to this. Ordinary people, too, display world-wide belief in lucky and unlucky individuals, in lucky days and events and, recently, in the scientific ones. Many have begun to suspect that the ordinary ideas, rather than the conventional scientific ones, may be correct, and have urged a careful re-investigation of the basis of the laws of chance conventionally supposed to rule.

Meanwhile the mysteries of lucky individuals, lucky days, runs of luck at cards or other games and all similar matters in which the public believes firmly and the orthodox scientists disbelieve, must be included among the puzzles that both scientists and laymen are puzzled to account for.

IRENE RICH HELPS LOVE FIND A WAY



① HER FIRST MOVIE DATE WITH TOM AND HE HAS NO EYES FOR HER



② THAT NIGHT SHE CRIES HERSELF TO SLEEP



③

A MONTH LATER:

HOW BEAUTIFUL YOU LOOK. WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN DOING TO YOUR COMPLEXION?

OH, I'VE FOUND OUT HOLLYWOOD'S COMPLEXION SECRET --- LUX TOILET SOAP!



④

IRENE RICH WAS SWELL IN THAT PICTURE. BUT I'M GLAD IT'S OVER SO I CAN LOOK AT YOU



⑤ NOW THEY'RE ENGAGED...

Keep Youthful Charm as 9 out of 10 screen stars do

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, actually 686 use fragrant white Lux Toilet Soap regularly. So enthusiastic are the lovely stars that all the big film studios have made it their official soap for dressing rooms. The Broadway stars, too, prefer Lux Toilet Soap!

Try Lux Toilet Soap FREE! Try caressing, luxurious Lux Toilet Soap for your skin—at our expense. Just send this clipping with your name and address. By return mail you will receive two cakes of Lux Toilet Soap, free. Write today to Lever Brothers Company, Dept. JT-22, Cambridge, Massachusetts.



10¢

STOCKING RUNS? NOT FOR CONNIE—by ROBERT O'REID



①

MY DEAR, YOU CAN'T REALLY MEND A RUN!!



②

I ALMOST NEVER HAVE THEM NOW, THOUGH I USED TO WHEN I WAS CARELESS ABOUT WASHING MY STOCKINGS



③

BUT YOU PROBABLY RUB THEM WITH CAKE SOAP—THE WAY I DID BEFORE I FOUND OUT ABOUT LUX



④

IT CERTAINLY WILL. I'VE HAD THESE STOCKINGS FOR AGES AND THEY'RE GOOD AS NEW. IF YOU TAKE MY ADVICE, YOU'LL START THE LUX HABIT TONIGHT



⑤

OF COURSE NOT... LUX PREVENTS RUNS, BECAUSE IT PRESERVES THE ELASTICITY OF THE SILK. EVEN MY SHEEREST STOCKINGS WEAR AND WEAR SINCE I'VE BEEN USING LUX

The LUX Way to make stockings WEAR

It pays to wash stockings the way that saves elasticity. Rubbing with cake soap, and soaps containing harmful alkali, weaken the elasticity of silk. It's elasticity that

allows the threads to give when they're restrained, without breaking. Lux is made to preserve elasticity. Lux stockings each night—perspiration left in stockings tends to rot silk. It takes only 2 minutes, avoids needless runs, and makes stockings fit and wear.



For economy: Avoid ordinary soaps—cakes, powders, chips. These often contain harmful alkali which weakens threads, fades colors. Lux has none of this harmful alkali. Anything safe in water alone is safe in Lux.

LUX saves stocking elasticity

Curious Matrimonial Mix-up of the Fashionable Young De Ruyters

"Marry in Haste and Repent at Reno" Was the Sequel to Their Runaway Marriage, But the Complications Were Many and Annoying as the Young Bride Soon Discovered



Mrs. de Ruyter in Golfing Togs—Quite an Attraction to Any Golf Links.



Amusing Photograph of Mrs. de Ruyter in Uniform as a Hotel Porter and Wearing a Watchman's Cap. She Appeared in Amateur Theatricals.



Mrs. de Ruyter Entered a Pet in the Atlantic Beach Turtle Race, and This is a Photograph of Her Hand Holding No. 11, Her Racing Turtle.



Mrs. de Ruyter Entered a Pet in the Atlantic Beach Turtle Race, and This is a Photograph of Her Hand Holding No. 11, Her Racing Turtle.

"MARRY in haste and repent in Reno" has become a modern saying, but even the quick and painless divorce remedies of Nevada are not always entirely satisfactory, and the latest of those to discover this is young Mrs. Lois Clarke de Ruyter who, with her husband, John Louis de Ruyter, are prominent members of New York's rich and fashionable smart set.

Against the judgment of their relatives, Miss Lois Clarke ran away and married de Ruyter, and after the excitement of the elopement and the honeymoon they woke up to find they had made a matrimonial blunder.

The strain of matrimonial bondage became too much for young Mrs. de Ruyter, so she did the thing so many of her friends and acquaintances are constantly doing—sent her maid to buy tickets to Reno and, arriving there, asked the taxi man at the station who was a good divorce lawyer, and was soon in his office explaining what she had come for.

But even the quick-and-easy Nevada divorce laws require one annoying thing—the person applying for divorce must be a "resident" of Nevada for six weeks before the court will listen to the case and hand out the document. Mrs. de Ruyter followed her lawyer's advice in registering at a hotel to establish the necessary evidence that she had become a "resident," and then she settled down to await with such patience as she could command the tedious six weeks before her certificate of freedom would be ready.

And then it was that young Mrs. de Ruyter made a move which was very embarrassing. While the six weeks were slowly rolling by and before Mrs. de Ruyter could claim citizenship and file her divorce papers in Nevada, her husband played a trick on her by starting a suit in New York for separation. And the complications which resulted from this were many and difficult to straighten out.

As Mr. de Ruyter is a resident of New York and got his separation action firmly planted in the New York courts before Mrs. de Ruyter could be a resident of Nevada—he and his suit have the right of way over anything that may happen in Nevada. The de Ruyters have two young children, and their property is all in New York State. If Mrs. de Ruyter should get a divorce and custody of the children from a decree of the Nevada courts the New York courts would refuse to recognize it and she would have to be governed by whatever the New York courts decided in her husband's separation suit. This was a mess, and Mrs. de Ruyter started in to write a telegram her husband to see what could be done to straighten out the situation. And then Mrs. de Ruyter discovered another joker in the Nevada quick-and-easy divorce laws. If a divorce granted by the Nevada courts is to be of any

real value in other States, outside of Nevada, it is necessary to have the other matrimonial partner appear in the Nevada proceedings. If a New York wife slips quietly into Reno, waits her six weeks to become a "resident," and then gets a divorce, unknown to her husband or without his appearing in the matter—the divorce is of little or no value in the State of New York.

It is the custom in the "better social circles" for the husband to usually help the wife out when she starts for Reno; each of the partners is generally so sick and tired of the other that no obstacle is put in the way of ending the partnership by either party. And thus it is that the wife usually takes along with her a power of attorney from her husband, which is handed to another lawyer in Reno, who then appears in court when the wife's case comes up, and thus it is put on the record that both parties "appeared," and the divorce is likely to be worth its face value outside the State of Nevada.

But Mr. de Ruyter politely declined to provide the customary power of attorney which would permit a Reno lawyer to appear for him, and therefore ensure his wife a 100 per cent. divorce. So the squabble went on by mail and telegraph until finally Mrs. de Ruyter was at her wit's end to know just what to do. The legal complications were growing thicker and thicker around her. She was assured by her Reno lawyer that the kind Reno courts would certainly give her a divorce if she stayed there long enough. But he said that unless her husband helped her out, Mrs. de Ruyter was not pleased with the idea of having a divorce "good in Nevada only."

So there was the New York separation suit hanging over her. That was a serious matter. There was no knowing what they might do to her in her absence. They might take away the custody of her two little children from her and condemn her to all sorts of costs. She had only twenty days in which to answer the separation suit and if she failed to answer in that period, a decision might be given her by default. She was faced by so many "ifs" and legal complications that they made her head ache. If she stayed and won her Reno divorce, it would not be good in New York unless her husband admitted the jurisdiction of the court. If she won her Reno divorce, she might be awarded the custody of her

children in Nevada, but that would not give them to her in New York.

If her husband pressed his New York separation suit and she made no answer, he might win by default.

If he won his separation suit, he might obtain the custody of his children in New York, but not in Nevada, if the court had granted her custody over them out there.

Maddened by these complications, Mrs. de Ruyter is reported to have made these comments:

"Jack wired me that unless I paid his New York lawyer \$2,500 and \$2,000 bills be owed, and promised to support our two children, he would not sign."

"I will not give a cent. Let Peggy Joyce support him if she likes."

In his separation suit filed at White Plains, Mr. de Ruyter says that he and the defendant were married on March 24, 1928, at Elkton, Maryland; that there are two children of the marriage, John L. de Ruyter, Jr., three years old, and Michael Adriane de Ruyter, eight months old; that he has always conducted himself toward the defendant as a faithful and loving husband; that in the month of December, 1931, the defendant without any real or probable cause, and without the consent of the plaintiff abandoned him and stated that she would no longer live with him; that since then he has repeatedly asked her to return and live with him, but she has refused to do so; that she has left the State of New York and abandoned and

deserted the plaintiff and the children.

"Wherefore," he concludes, "the plaintiff demands judgment separating the parties hereto from bed and board forever, and that the plaintiff have the costs of this action and such other and further relief as the court may deem just and proper."

Attached to this complaint is an affidavit by a Reno lawyer that he had served a copy of it on Mrs. de Ruyter at 10 Chumey Street, Reno.

The news of Jack de Ruyter's separation suit had only been announced a couple of days when another complication occurred which seemed likely to affect his alleged status as an abandoned husband. Freddy Rich, a popular orchestra leader, brought suit for divorce against his wife, the former Joan Lawton, the dancer, but known as Peggy Rich in private life, in which he named the socially exalted Mr. de Ruyter.

Mr. Rich based his suit on a surprise visit he made at 11:30 p. m. to his wife's apartment at the St. Morris Hotel.

Mr. de Ruyter furnished the following explanation of this disturbing episode:

"I had called for Mrs. Rich to take her dancing. I was having a drink while she put on her coat, when her husband and three detectives arrived. We were both dressed for the street, and the hotel's house detective, who followed the raiding party's intrusion, will so testify. While I admire Mrs. Rich very much, we are merely good friends."

In spite of this frank explanation, it was persistently reported in dancing club circles that Jack de Ruyter was likely to marry the charming

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Peggy Joyce, the Famous Charmer of Men, Figures in the de Ruyter Matrimonial Affairs. Many Men Are Proud to Be Seen and Photographed With Peggy, but the Young Man in the Palm Beach Wheel Chair in This Photograph Was Perhaps Thinking of His Wife or Fiancee and He Covered His Face With His Hand.

had before that been complicated by a surprising announcement of the rather celebrated and much married Peggy Joyce. Before either the young husband or wife had started a matrimonial suit, Peggy announced that she was engaged to Jack de Ruyter and expected to make him her sixth husband.

"Yes," said Peggy, when seen in her Waldorf-Astoria Tower suite, "Jack and I are going to do it. I had decided not to marry again, but Jack is so persuasive, he has made me change my mind."

When asked how Jack's position as husband of another woman would affect the engagement, Peggy remarked:

"There's always a hindrance of some kind, isn't there?"

It was understood that Jack de Ruyter's aunt, the dignified Mrs. Moses Taylor Campbell, frowned upon the "stage beauty" as a possible wife for her nephew. Just as father-in-law Clarke had frowned on him as a son-in-law.

After this Jack was said to have transferred his social attentions to Miss Billie Dove. Studio gossip at that time said that Jack was planning to go to Hollywood and become a talking actor.

Mrs. de Ruyter was formerly Lois Quastan Clarke, daughter of an important New York banker, Lewis Latham Clarke, director of various financial institutions. Mr. de Ruyter is the son of the John E. Clarke of 30 West 93rd Street. He is related to the most and most prominent Knickerbocker families in New York. He is the favorite nephew of the socially powerful Mrs. Moses Taylor Campbell, who is a cousin of the Princess Bourbon del Monte di San Faustino, an American matron heavily allied with European royalty, who occupies the immense, magnificent Barbieri Palace in Rome.

Miss Clarke was only seventeen and her husband twenty-two when they made the hurried motor trip to Elkton, Maryland, four years ago, which was widely known as America's Greta Green. The marriage was kept a secret for several months, and when the bride's parents, who were prominent, learned of the marriage, they were much upset. They had doubts about the son-in-law, and were not much surprised when disagreements arose. The young couple were no longer seen together in the fashionable resorts where they had been familiar figures. Then came definite news in rather unusual form, that the romance had been shattered. Mr. de Ruyter published the following notice in a newspaper:

"I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by my wife, Lois Clarke de Ruyter."

One contention was that the suit brought by de Ruyter against his father-in-law, Lewis Latham Clarke, for \$250,000 for alienating his daughter's affections from her husband.

This beautiful Electric-Driven outboard Motor Boat for

98¢
and

6 **KRE-MEL** Dessert
package fronts...

FEATURES OF MOTOR BOAT

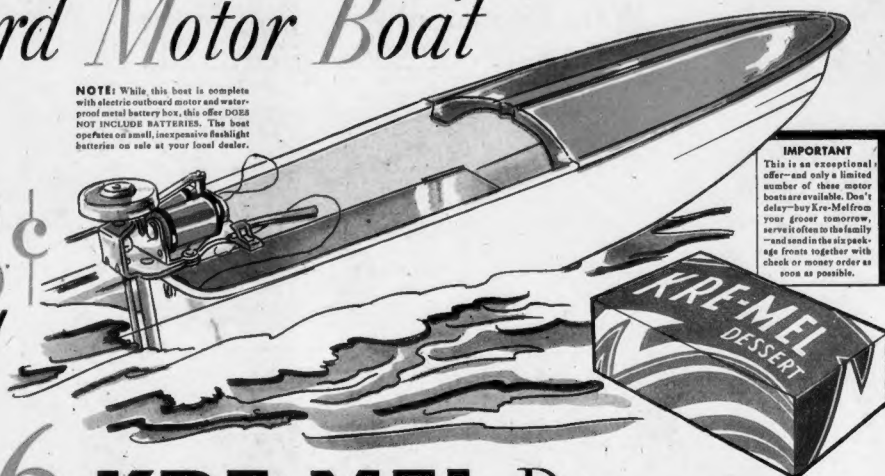
LENGTH . . . 18 inches
WIDTH . . . 5 1/4 inches

COLORS: The boat is painted buff-yellow. The deck is bright red. A cheerful, striking combination.

WATER-PROOF
Boat is all metal; outboard motor completely water-proof; special metal battery box protects batteries, (batteries not included with offer).

LONG LASTING
This boat is soundly constructed throughout—the motor is strong and efficient. With ordinary care, your boat will last indefinitely.

NOTE: While this boat is complete with electric outboard motor and water-proof metal battery box, this offer DOES NOT INCLUDE BATTERIES. The boat operates on small, inexpensive flashlight batteries on sale at your local dealer.



IMPORTANT

This is an exceptional offer—and only a limited number of these motor boats are available. Don't delay—buy Kre-Mel from your grocer tomorrow, serve it often to the family—and send in the six package fronts together with check or money order as soon as possible.

HERE is a beautiful boat every boy and girl in America will want to own and operate. A strong, all-metal boat of authentic construction—modeled after the fastest speed boats. It is equipped with a rugged outboard electric-driven motor (operates on small, inexpensive flashlight batteries). The motor is mounted the same as on regulation outboard motors, is detachable, and steers by the tiller.

A DELICIOUS, NOURISHING DESSERT

Everyone knows Kre-Mel Dessert—that delicious, nourishing pudding that is so easily and quickly prepared—that costs so little—and that the whole family enjoys. Kre-Mel is rich in Dextrose—the important food element which gives strength and energy to active bodies.

Your grocer sells Kre-Mel in four delicious flavors—Chocolate, Vanilla, Caramel, and Coffee.

DO THIS NOW!

Go to your grocer and buy six packages of Kre-Mel (any flavor you prefer). As you serve Kre-Mel—save the front panel of each package. When you have saved all six package fronts, enclose them with check or money order for 98¢ and mail to Corn Products Refining Company, P. O. Box 171, Trinity Station, New York City. You will promptly receive your beautiful electric motor boat, postpaid.

The marvelous LINIT BEAUTY BATH



INCREDIBLE as it may seem, the Linit Beauty Bath instantly makes the skin feel soft and smooth—and gives a glorious, refreshed sensation to the entire body.

While bathing in the Linit Beauty Bath, there is deposited on the skin surfaces a thin layer of Linit. After drying, this fine, porous coating of Linit remains, which makes powdering unnecessary, eliminates "shine" from neck, arms and shoulders, harmlessly absorbs perspiration and imparts to the body an exquisite sense of personal daintiness.

To eliminate BODY ODOR

HERE is a pleasant way to overcome body odor—

Swish half a package or more of the new, Perfumed Linit in your bath. Bathe as usual with your favorite toilet soap. This will cleanse the pores of perspiration and body



waste. The Perfumed Linit will leave a protective coating of powder on the entire skin surface. This fragrant, porous layer of Linit helps to prevent offensive body odor by harmlessly absorbing perspiration without clogging the pores.

For the FACE AND HANDS

MANY women also enjoy Linit this way: Dissolve a handful or so of the new Perfumed Linit in a wash basin of warm water. Using your favorite soap—cleanse the face and hands as usual. Notice the water feels soft and creamy—and notice too, the soft, smooth texture of your complexion and hands after drying.

Many women keep a package of the new, Perfumed Linit in the bathroom especially for this purpose.



Quick relief FROM SUNBURN

AFTER exposure to the hot summer sun, to relieve the inflammation of sunburn, merely do this: Swish half a package or more of Linit in a tub of tepid water. Step in—relax a few minutes in this soothing Linit mixture. Pat the body dry with a soft towel. You will find the Linit Bath remarkably effective in relieving the excessive smart and sting of sun-burn.



The new, perfumed Linit, in the green cellophane-wrapped package is sold by grocery stores, drug and dept. stores. Linit, unscented, in the familiar blue package is sold only by grocers.



Yes or No

- yes or no
1. If you believe in or denounce the so-called "double-standard" of morals for men and women in matters of love and marriage, have you taken the trouble to acquaint yourself with both sides of the question?
2. Do you believe that fish or better brain food than bacon and is your opinion based on knowledge of the scientific evidence?
3. If you are for or against vivisection, is it after you are aware of how experiments are made on animals and what discoveries of value to human life have been made by this method?
4. If you signed petitions to pay the soldier bonus in full by issuance of \$2,000,000,000 in new currency, had you studied the opinions of economic and financial experts as to whether this procedure would help or harm the country as a whole, including the veterans?
5. Do you believe that Tom Mooney, convicted California bomb murderer, should or should not be pardoned? If so, have you read the evidence on both sides and did you really ascertain all the facts?
6. Have you an opinion about saving from the death penalty the seven negroes sentenced in the Scottsboro case? If so, have you thoroughly weighed the evidence for and against the accused?
7. If you joined one way or another in the protests against the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti, Italian labor agitators convicted of criminal attack upon an Italian steamer on an exhaustive study of the record in the case?
8. If you are an advocate of or set against Unemployment Insurance which is as operative in England, and has been roundly denounced in the United States as a "dole," do you have your opinion upon a study of the British system, its history, procedure, cost and results?
9. If you favor or are against recognition of Soviet Russia by the United States, have you dispassionately done into the probable effects such action might have upon your own country and its form of government?
10. If you are a "Wet" or a "Dry" is it a matter of reading, for example, the full report of the Wickersham committee, the annual figures for "dry" law arrests, the opinions of leading lawyers on the effect of the law on crime conditions, etc.?
11. If you attended meetings where speakers favored war or other form of intervention by the United States to end the Sino-Japanese conflict, and if you joined or disapproved such advocacy, did you take such action after fully considering the arguments for and against intervention?
12. If you are in favor of capital punishment, or are opposed to it and have joined societies seeking its abolition, is it with understanding of the history, purposes and comparative results of such a policy on man's eternal fight against crime?

By Donald A. Laird, Ph.D., Sci.D.,
F. R. S. A.,

VERY few people have assurance enough to pick a mess of mushrooms in the fields and eat them, or mix a drink for themselves from the bottles on the drug store shelves. They have sense enough to understand that it takes study and expert knowledge to know the poisonous from the edible "toadstools" or the harmless from the dangerous drugs.

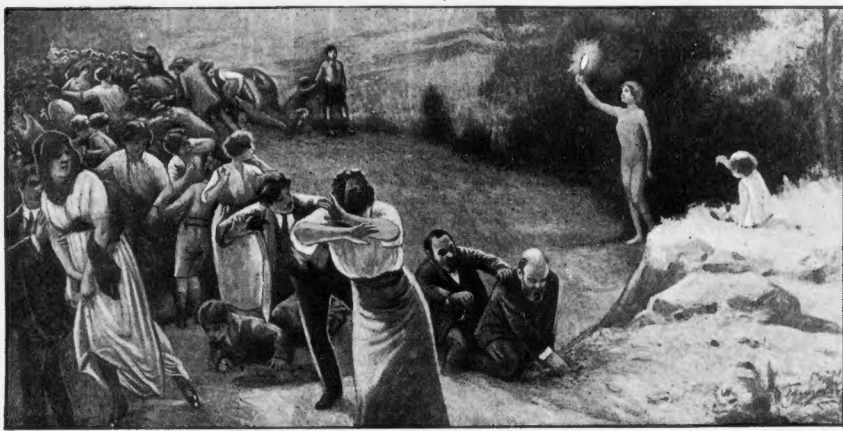
But most of us have no hesitation in shouting our opinions on matters just as technical where we are no more qualified to judge. We sign petitions, applaud half-baked ideas, vote for ill-judged political nostrums and support movements we do not understand.

We have strong opinions on such things as the guilt or innocence of criminals, the justice of penalties, or the wisdom of laws; moral codes, national policies or political programs, but we have really not examined the facts. Furthermore, it has been shown that our opinions and beliefs are largely a matter of where we live, what our neighbors think, and what business we are in. In other words, there can be no doubt that as a rule most of us do not know what we are talking about most of the time.

The university investigations of our soundness of judgment recently made by the psychologists of Johns Hopkins, Chicago, Texas, Syracuse and other universities, have shown that the quizzes of thousands of students as to what they thought the worst possible crime or offense, the next in badness and so on, were in the main, and used, all somewhat similar to the one reproduced on this page, which was designed especially to aid interested readers in making their own estimate of their own degree of possession of the quality of sound judgment. And the verdict is that, no matter how just and fair-minded we may be, we are all guilty in one or another of the following categories, that is, a surprisingly small percentage of us are really sound and free from prejudice, fixed notions and emo-

Curiously enough, the students had their own ideas on crime and punishment and with amazing frequency they agreed with the law books. For example, Dr. Knight and Dr. Dunlap, Johns Hopkins, found that the majority of students believed that a sexual assault was a worse crime than murder; that most college men held the opinion that a woman who committed a serious offense than do women, and, on the other hand, college women held the opinion that a man who committed a serious offense was much more blameworthy than do men. Dr. A. P. Brogan found a majority of men students at Texas believed in the "standard"—namely that illegal love is a crime and that a man who commits a crime is more to be punished when practiced by a woman than when practiced by a man. However, the masculine majority believe precisely the opposite, staunchly supporting the opinion that a man who commits a crime is more to be punished for the good is cause for the "standard." In general, Southern students are more in favor of the law than are the northerners. On the one hand, the Northerners are more in favor of breaking a considerable lapse of law. While the Northerners are inclined to dismiss it as mere peccadilloes, the Southerners are inclined to dismiss it as mere peccadilloes.

surely, is a wide and punishing diversity of ideas on right and wrong, especially in view of the fact that the law is not yet as scientific as it is at this point out, the result has been an even greater variety of judgments on crime, and offenses of all kinds. Consider, for instance, the reaction of individuals you know to the recent case of the woman who shot her husband. It rose to riotous clamor—that Tom Mooney, convicted California bomb murderer, was set free, as he was to be, because he was as good as dead. It varied not only among individuals but among neighborhoods to neighborhoods. Some thought he was guilty and should have hung years ago. There, he should be kept in prison for the rest of his life. Others thought he was innocent and should be unconditionally pardoned; and, in fact, that claim should be wiped out and the poor fellow recompensed for his cell-wasted years.



"The Naked Truth"—Painting by Faugeron.

The Curious Fact Has Been Established by Scientific Investigation That Many People Really Do Not Want to Know the Real Truth. Their Attitude of Mind Is Already Established in Regard to Many Questions Like Prohibition, Capitalism and Severe Sentences for Professional Criminals. When the Truth Is Presented They Turn Their Backs on It.

surrounded the famous Sacco and Vanzetti case some years ago in Massachusetts, and today hangs over the so-called Scottsboro case, in which seven young negroes await execution in Alabama—unless court and executive clemency are granted for one of them, one of two white girls. Of course, not one in a million who shouts Tom Mooney's innocence or is certain he is guilty knows what he is talking about. Nor does any one in the United States and in Paris, who are at this moment demanding that the seven Alabama negroes be turned loose, have any real knowledge of the facts.

But if you find a variety of illustrations of the same unreasoned opinions. Among gangsters to "squeal" is a greater crime than to kill; among many financial promoters lying promises is no crime at all; "dry" convictions come easy in Kansas.

and hard in New York. But that is not the most discouraging side of the picture. Science is aware that the masses of people are not really not interested in knowing the facts. For one reason or another most people's minds are so conditioned and so filled in with prejudice that they are incapable of accepting the real truth when it is offered. The French artist Faugeron has depicted this very well in his painting, "The Crowd." The artist has shown the crowd turning aside rather than welcoming the true facts. Furthermore, thinking is a painful process and it is much easier to believe the propaganda or half-baked assertions of political demagogues and soap-box orators rather than to do any real thinking.

All this is the more astounding because, in general, we all agree that law and convention is the will of the people. The laws of the state are the will and sentences neither our persons nor property would be safe. On the whole, laws arise out of what majorities of the people think. That is the necessity of life protection, hence the death penalty against murderers. In early Western days, there was necessity for laws against mayhem, robbery in the wilderness places, hence approval of death at the rope's end for such offenses. The penalties of death for crimes of murder, robbery, larceny, assault, forgery, etc., all have stood the test of time, proving themselves indispensable to the protection of the community. It is surprising, incidentally, which seemingly is proving the dry law and its pen-

All this being so, how does it come then, the scientists wondered, that as individuals and groups we take such varied—such amazingly varied—attitudes, particularly toward crimes and



Rodin's Famous Statue, "The Thinker."

But Thinking is a Painful Process for those who
to Swallow the Propaganda or Half-
Political Demagogues and Soap

offenses as that, under law, law at
conventions, there can be but one
attitude, of course, they don't we
the evidence—but why? There is a
point, for, says science, except in
except that their minds, for they
lack of knowledge of their mental li
won't let them.

But why is this so among "intel
gents" and "intellectuals" in the first
perhaps most important place, the
cent university research clearly in
icates that a boy or girl may go through
the same process of "intellectualizing"
—without having his basic personal
judgment on crimes, codes, issues as
such changed an iota. That is, his
basic personal convictions, his values
remain through life those of the con
dition in which he or she spent his
or girlhood rather than those nebula
of "intellectual" hell.



Tom Mooney, Convicted Bomb Murderer

It Required Six Months of Reading and Studying for Commission to Find Evidence on Both Sides of the "Mooney Case," Yet All the World Turns Millions of People Who Are Perfectly Sure That Mooney Is Innocent or That He Is Guilty, Although They Have No Knowledge of the Facts

in after life, the scientists, college boys

cities like New York and Chicago are more likely to look upon honesty in the light of the Golden Rule—in other words, to say, "I'll be honest with you if, and only so long as, you are honest with me."

When we must pass judgment upon a current issue, such as the Mooney case, unless we guard against it, our ingrained prejudices, hates and the like may inundate our minds with emotional conviction to such an extent that all our impulse to be rational and just if any, and to view all the evidence before decision, is swept down the mental

gutters.

Yet while early influences may be traced, the student must recognize the frequent individual inability to free himself from prejudice, and his own judgment from prejudice. He must be able to find out for himself, and not be misled by others just as indolently effective, as the prohibitions of the law. He must guard. Crucial conflicts with life conditions around one also build up prejudices. The student must be able to see the issues that prevent clear-headed thinking. He must be able to see the example from prohibition. Suppose a man had been a heavy drinker of alcohol. He would have been able to see that not stop without injuring his health or changing many life habits. When he would have been able to see that, in general, he would adopt one of two courses. He would either stop drinking as a crime, either in himself or others, or tending perhaps to the other extreme. He would have seen his inability to conquer his habits, and would become an ardent, even tyrannical, advocate of the law. He might continue to drink in secret.

...and, as a result, stamped, he may say, the line of the "inner" corruption among other offenders, one comes either to tolerate the corruption, or, on the contrary, to become even fanatical in denouncing them. In the latter case, these "inner" offenders are attracted to our own inherent inclination to "inner" corruption. On the one hand, we seek to protect ourselves from the "inner" offenders who adopt the same stance as we do, and, on the other hand, when we seek to protect ourselves by denouncing out of the world—and incidentally, from the inner world—the "inner" offenders, prohibition of things which we have been unable to handle and which have been the cause of our inner corruption, we are victims of such inner emotional distress as psychologists call them, are made to feel. In the latter case, the "inner" offenders have no fall on any issue involving their own failings and struggles; unlike the "outer" offenders, they are unable to analyze themselves and, spotting their own "inner" corruption, they are prejudiced, throw it out of their thinking.

Often, too, our soundness of judgment is betrayed by such things as hero worship, fear, deprivation, injustice, riches, poverty — even love. Not long ago the writer was surprised to see a young friend receive a card from a New York organization raising funds to get Tom Mooney out of that gloomiest of prisons, San Quentin. Yes, the friend admitted, he had subscribed to the fund; it was horrible the way they were keeping "that man, Mooney," in prison. Talking about it, he grew pale and nervously clenched his hands.

Puzzled, I remarked, I hadn't known he was interested in the Mooney case. He wasn't, he said, until the other night when he happened by Union Square in New York and there, among the jobless men sleeping on the sidewalks, he heard a soap box orator describing Mooney's "horrible plight." Mooney's plight was sad, I observed, but I couldn't see what it had to do with the question of his guilt; had my friend read the evidence against him to see whether he deserved his punishment? He flushed, looked at me oddly, and said, "No."

The expression on his intelligence face told me plainly enough that he had let his intense sympathy for poor and suffering sweep into Money, just that he had acted without understanding the essential good judgment, and that he was sorry. I said no more. Again, I overheard a woman remark as she came of the flag-draped office where signed a petition for payment of soldiers' bonus in full; evidently planning for action. "I don't mind said, "Nothing is too good for the brans." Obviously, she had backed bonus without study of the Patman any other bill; perhaps, she never heard of the Texas Congressman or

And in the same way have I seen unreasoning fear drive a businessman who would profit by it into downy opposition to recognition of Soviet Russia by the United States. How many others for such things as the abolition of capital punishment, or Wall Street "short selling," make persons incapable of thought, to say nothing of judgment, is another example of the same thing, that no one these days needs

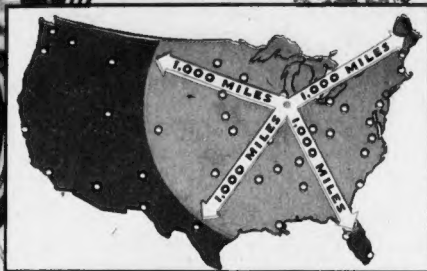
Another constant enemy of sound judgment is the sway of personal interests. Their influence, though often we refuse to recognize them, operates subtly to emotionalize our thinking and so preclude our reaching sound judgments on public questions and crimes. You see men who approve alimony laws and punishment on them—until forced to pay themselves. Then the law, formerly held to be communal good, often becomes in the minds akin to thirteenth century in-

[illegible]

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Tire . . . Rims	Each	Per Pair
6 "PLY" BALLOONS Includes 2 Cord Plies Technically Known as Breaker Strips		
29X4.40-21	\$3.59	\$6.98
29X4.50-20	3.89	7.58
30X4.50-21	3.95	7.68
28X4.75-19	4.63	9.00
29X4.75-20	4.70	9.14
29X5.00-19	4.85	9.44
30X5.00-20	4.95	9.60
31X5.00-21	5.15	9.96
28X5.25-19	5.55	10.78
30X5.25-20	5.85	11.36
31X5.25-21	5.98	11.64
28X5.50-18	6.10	11.88
29X5.50-19	6.25	12.14
8 "PLY" BALLOONS Includes 2 Cord Plies Technically Known as Breaker Strips		
30X5.77-21	\$8.09	\$15.78
30X6.00-18	7.76	15.10
31X6.00-19	7.87	15.34
32X6.00-20	8.09	15.78
33X6.00-21	8.37	16.30

Above Inner Tubes are ALLSTATE Perfect Circle Gray

Won and Lost Her Rich Old Husband in Week and Day

Pretty Twenty-Three-Year-Old Nurse Marries Seventy-Seven-Year-Old Millionaire, Gets Money, a Home—And Then the Aged Lover Wakes Up and Cancels It All



"Yes and December"—Honeymoon photograph of the 77-year-old bridegroom, Henry C. Rutter, and his attractive 23-year-old bride.

Melba Newell. Don't be cruel, my little jewel be. I'll be true all my life if you will only marry me. We'll have plenty, and though you're but 23, while I am just sixty today. What need we care, we'll our happiness share. Old December shall marry young May.

—From "December and May" Popular Song—Mad—by Mark and Lester.

It is not known whether Mr. Henry C. Rutter, the 77-year-old millionaire of Wichita, Kansas, was thinking of the words in the chorus of the popular song when he took to his arms Miss Zelma R. Grammont, a 23-year-old hospital nurse. Old enough to be her grandfather, he beamed as he introduced his smiling bride, and in the piping treble of an old man's voice declared:

"People probably think that our marriage will not last, but I don't see why it shouldn't. We are perfectly happy, and companionable."

And yet two days after that statement, Mr. Rutter went into retirement and his lawyers filed a suit to annul the marriage—just eight days after the old millionaire and the nurse had been made bride and groom. And in the papers handed to the court by his attorneys, the old man had changed his tune and declared:

"The bride has no affection for me, and has no stated to friends; her sole and only purpose was to secure money and property, and the marriage was entered into by her desire to make a financial bargain."

So this most recent wedding of "December and May" turned into disaster just a week and a day after the marriage knot was tied.

In his plea to the court to be tried loose from the young bride, old Mr. Rutter declared that his "mind was weakened and that he no longer grasped situations as in his younger days," in justification for his taking the marriage vows.

Accompanying the petition for an annulment was a plea for a temporary restraining order requiring the bride of eight days to vacate the \$10,000 home he had given her as a wedding present. The presiding judge issued the order and also restrained the bride from selling any property she obtained from her old hubby, contracting any debts in his name, and from cashing another bridal gift, a check for \$2,000 he gave her. And the judge went even further on Rutter's plea and ordered that his wife refrain from speaking to him, or making any effort to visit or otherwise "molester" him.

Young Mrs. Rutter the following day



Robert Hasty, attorney for the young bride.

countered with a similar restraining order tying up the old man's wealth, and demanded that he submit immediately to a mental and physical examination to prove that he was competent to contract a marriage. She claimed that during the eight days they were married he had "flung away" \$14,000, and intimated that some of it might have gone to his children to "silence any objections they might have to his bride."

The judge granted the restraining order tying up Rutter's property, but overruled the other motions. The December-May romance started back before Christmas of last year, when Rutter became seriously ill with pneumonia and was taken to Wesley Hospital in Wichita. Miss Grammont was assigned to him as special nurse, and for weeks helped him in his fight for life.

About three months ago he recovered sufficiently to leave the hospital. He went to the home of his daughter, Mrs. Cecil Campbell, and Miss Grammont went with him as nurse.

Rutter made sheep's eyes at the pretty nurse over the bridge and crèche table—both are expert players and fond of the game. He made her a present of an automobile—just in appreciation of her help while he was ill. But then came a diamond ring; and next the wedding, an elopement.



Where the trouble began—Wesley Hospital, where Rutter recovered from an attack of pneumonia and was smitten by the charms of Miss Grammont, his nurse.

The pair were married on May 4 but details of the elopement did not become known until the next day. The bridal party, consisting of the prospective groom, Miss Grammont, some of her girl friends, and her attorney, Robert Hasty, appeared before Probate Judge Grant Mitchell in Newton, 30 miles from Wichita, and sought a marriage license.

Judge Mitchell helped them fill out the necessary papers, but after the ages had been given reluctantly, the papers signed and sealed, he suddenly refused to hand them the license.

"Because of the disparity in age, I hesitate to grant this license," he declared.

Immediately Attorney Hasty reached for one corner of the document and Judge Mitchell held the other.

"The law reads that I 'may issue' marriage licenses, but does not compel me to do so," said Judge Mitchell.

The bride-to-be leaned over and snatched at the license, and it was torn to pieces. This dramatic episode delayed the marriage and the party started for Kansas City, Kan., to try to get a license there.

Judge Henry Meade, of Kansas City, married the pair. Then they waylaid and interviewed by the reporters who had noticed the difference in their age.

"Age makes no difference when you meet the right man," the blushing bride declared as she wired her mother of the marriage. That noble sentiment sounded all right and hugely delighted the old bridegroom. Miss Grammont, a slender brunette with gray eyes, admitted that she fell in love with Rutter while she was nursing him. His thoughtfulness and consideration made a strong personal appeal to her, she said.

"Older men are more reliable," the bride admitted, smilingly. "I don't like chicks and lounge lizards." And these cute words suited old Mr. Rutter exactly.

Rutter said he preferred a young wife as he thought association with youthful persons kept one young. Here

Rutter voiced a popular notion which is not founded in scientific fact.

"You're just as old as you feel," he asserted. "I feel young and I want to say that way."

But Rutter did not know that marriages where one partner very old very often end in early death for the old one.

They planned to stay in Kansas City for several days and then take a trip across the country. But for the honeymoon. But Rutter's wealth requires care, and he was summoned back to Wichita to attend to business.

A day after their return, Rutter purchased a "love nest," lavishly furnished for his bride. It was valued at \$10,000, plus several thousand more for the furnishings.

They moved into the new home, and then, suddenly old December asked the nurse to leave. But she refused to leave him. He was in a "frenzied" state, she said, and she was determined to stay with him.

It was also charged that Rutter had over her \$2,000 check to cash partly on he could be an unscrupulous man. Mrs. Hutter, ejected from the "love nest," was a "frenzied" woman.

"It was as much a shock to me as it was to anyone else," she said. "We never had a quarrel on a serious note. He had not said one word to me. We were the best of friends when we retired in the morning."

"The first I knew about it was when I bought a paper to read about the Lindbergh case. I turned the pages and I saw the story about my old husband. I couldn't believe it. I couldn't even realize it was me for a time."

"I went to the home he had bought for me and asked his daughter, and she said she didn't know anything about it. About 5 o'clock the sheriff came to tell me I would have to leave the house. I thought he was a reporter and didn't go out. At about 6 o'clock



After the Judge Had Made Out the Marriage License, He Had Misgivings and Said: "Because of the disparity in ages, I hesitate to grant this license." The Bride-to-Be Snatched at the Precious Document While Her Attorney Reached for Another Corner of It—And as Judge Mitchell Resisted the Efforts to Take It, the Marriage License Was Torn to Pieces.



The \$10,000 love nest the old bridegroom bought and presented to his young bride. After the wedding, Rutter moved into this home from the Hotel Wagon Wheel in a few days.



Miss Zelma Grammont, 23-year-old hospital nurse. From photograph taken before she married her 77-year-old husband.

prior to his marriage, he was brought about through "false statements" of concern over his health. He says that he was taken to a physician who specialized in mental diseases and disorders for the "beneficial purpose of arranging in advance for the money and evidence" concerning his complete inability to marry.

It is also charged that Rutter had over her \$2,000 check to cash partly on he could be an unscrupulous man. Mrs. Hutter, ejected from the "love nest," was a "frenzied" woman.

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"The first I knew about it was when I bought a paper to read about the Lindbergh case. I turned the pages and I saw the story about my old husband. I couldn't believe it. I couldn't even realize it was me for a time."

"I went to the home he had bought for me and asked his daughter, and she said she didn't know anything about it. About 5 o'clock the sheriff came to tell me I would have to leave the house. I thought he was a reporter and didn't go out. At about 6 o'clock

she came back and then I packed up my things and left. I didn't want to cause any disturbance or to have anything that wasn't a fight with me.

"The day before the marriage he went to his lawyer and dictated an agreement in which he gave me the home and a check for \$10,000. He said he wanted to do this so I could have the things I wanted. I never suggested the agreement nor had anything to do with it. That was the first time I had any idea he had any money."

Mrs. Rutter said she was on good terms with Mr. Rutter's relatives until the wedding. Then they were cold to her.

Attorney M. L. Bright, representing the widow of the man, replied to Mr. Rutter's interview, his client having gone into retirement and refusing to be interviewed.

Rutter is an intelligent, well-educated and trustful old gentleman who was imposed upon in a moment of weakness," he stated. "He never has been in any other scandal or trouble all his life. This girl, a trained nurse, married him suddenly after he had recovered from a serious illness. My purpose is to show that she influenced him while he was in a weakened condition."

Many a younger man has fallen a victim to such charms.

As an illustration of this, having aged 15 years and lived part of his life in the hospital, he had recovered from a serious illness. My purpose is to show that she influenced him while he was in a weakened condition."

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Don't miss this chance
*to get a marvelous tea and really superb coffee—
both for the price of the coffee alone!*

BE SURE to ask your grocer about this special free offer which Chase & Sanborn are making all this week.

Millions of people throughout America have already discovered that Chase & Sanborn's Dated Coffee is unequalled for superb coffee flavor. Now we make this special combination offer so that you may

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ALL THIS WEEK your grocer will sell you a regular-sized one-pound can of Chase & Sanborn's Dated Coffee and a liberal-

**Liberal-sized
 package of
 Chase & Sanborn's
Tea with every
 1-lb. can of
 Chase & Sanborn's
 Dated Coffee**

sized package of Chase & Sanborn's Tea... both for the price of the coffee alone. *You pay nothing for the tea... it is absolutely free.*

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DON'T FAIL to take advantage of this special offer. Ask your grocer for a liberal-sized package of Chase & Sanborn's Dated Coffee and a liberal-sized package of Chase & Sanborn's Tea... both for the price of the coffee alone. *You pay nothing for the tea... it is absolutely free.*

How They Started "The Dancers' Club"

Hard Up for Money, the Cute Things Scraped and Varnished the Floors, Painted the Walls and Even the Old Piano, Made and Hung the Draperies, Did Their Own Cooking and Took Care of the Furnace



"How would this mask look here?"

WHILE "captains of industry" were rolling their eyes and tearing their hair over the depression, a group of girl dancers, with nothing much but their own fair hands, have built up a big and successful club in New York City.

Few occupations have been hit harder than the theatrical one and the dancers have felt the slump perhaps hardest of all. Everybody has to have food, clothes and shelter, but one can live a long time without seeing anybody dance. And though seemingly the worst singers can get radio work, even the best dancers cannot hope to, till television is perfected. So the career of a pretty young dancer is a precarious one, causing dancers and dancing pupils to be continually wishing for a cheap, clean and safe place to live and eat.

Margaret Severn, a well-known dancing team, having heard the wish expressed by a few thousand times decided, with Mr. Richard Silvester, occasional theatrical producer, to see what could be done about it. She began saying to the girls:

"All right, let's make such a place: a girl's club where you can have anything you want at cost."

"Who is going to put up all the money?" was the invariable answer. Miss Severn told them to go ahead and see what could be done without much of any money. Congress isn't the only place where the girls give things away. The idea was theoretically sound. In later years, when some of these girls would be older and not half as attractive, they would be vamping steam yachts and palaces away from supposedly sensible men, therefore collectively they ought to be able to pry a club house out of New York City.

But the first and biggest piece of vamping was done by a mere man. Mr. Silvester, who induced the Rockefeller interests to let the girls into the big but shabby old brown stone-front house at 247 West 56th Street for almost no rent at all. This was no great concession because the Rockefellers expected to sell the ground on which it stood and meanwhile it was not worth the expense of destroying, etc., for a tenant.

The place needed about \$1,000 to \$1,500 worth of paint, shellac, varnish, scraping, scrubbing, etc., to make it habitable. Could any contractor be vamped to that extent? Not a chance in these times, but the girls could supply the labor which is the main cost in most anything and then the materials would not amount to so very much. As a matter of fact, they amounted to almost nothing because many of the girls had relatives or friends in some of the many businesses that handle paint and similar supplies. These loaned brushes and donated paint and advice, thereby gaining as much credit as they would have by taking the girls to a show or dinner.

Whatever else a dancing girl may or may not be, she has to be as strong as a horse and thrives on exercise. So these young ladies took their exercise scrubbing, scraping and painting. While this indoor gang, consisting of eight unemployed dancers, Miss Severn and Mr. Silvester, were cleaning up the house, an outdoor gang went out for plunder. Seeing a church being demolished on Fifth Avenue they descended on it, surrounded the man in charge and took away from him a fine start carpet. To show that it was strictly business they gave him two whole dollars and ninety-eight cents for it.

The Club Desaville curled up and died at this convenient moment. The outdoor squad furnished the club's restaurant with Desaville tables and chairs, frittering away \$32.20 more.

Having blown five dollars of the club's money, these spendthrifts economized on the next item, a piano, getting it for nothing. It came from "lin-par alley" where some writers pounded out their product. The instrument was old but of good tone, though the case was covered with cigarette burns and innumerable small circles where wet whiskey glasses had been set down. It was a typical theatrical piano. When a Spanish piano tuner, a friend of one of the writers, was enticed in to tune the thing free, he cried out in anguish:

"En nombre de Dios! Who have painted the poor piano blue?"

"We did," the girls told him. "It looked horrid."

"But you can't paint piano blue," moaned the tuner, "but have destroyed its resale value."

"If wasn't a sale, it was a gift," they informed him happily. He tuned the instrument with his eyes shut, but everyone else thought a sky-blue piano a great idea. The decorations ran heavily to blue, not on account of any artistic prejudice, but because the free paint and some almost-free material for drapes were of that color. Beds, chairs, mattresses, mostly picked up second-hand for a song, the girls carried upstairs themselves.

At first the girls did everything, their own housework, cooking and, of course, laundry. Even heavy labor,



The Old Piano Was in Good Tune, but Shabby. So the Young Dancers Took Their Paint Brushes and Painted It Blue.

like tending the furnace, was women's work in this Adamless Eden. It was no fun for one girl to go down cellar, rake the furnace and shovel in coal, so this chore was regularly done by a squad of anywhere from three to half a dozen, fooling and joking and having a good time of it. Getting out the ash, a task that husbands and kooky sons shun and postpone as long as possible, is done in this same gang method. Nobody need waste much sympathy on a dancing girl struggling pitifully with an ash can. If there is anything pitiful about it, it is because she is getting in plain fact the same as everybody else, the average young man, but she isn't going to tell him so and deprive him of the chivalrous pleasure of carrying her ashtray for her.

The club started off with eighty members, twelve of them residents, growing and prospering for about a year when the inevitable blow fell. The building had to be pulled down and the saddened ladies were told to get their pretty heads out from under. The club had been an unquestioned success, so instead of folding up, it moved to bigger and better quarters at 24 West 54th Street, where unfortunately it became necessary to pay an unvampable landlord some real money for rent, but then there is room for thirty young women, instead of twelve, to pay it.

legs than heads; as a farmer would say, "the roots rather than tops," but evidently not among these practical young ladies who get a lot for their money. Instead of living in a boarding house where the "old crank" with the room below complains as often as a non-working girl jumps out of bed and practices dance steps, they have a big studio room, twelve of them residents, growing and prospering for about a year when the inevitable blow fell. The building had to be pulled down and the saddened ladies were told to get their pretty heads out from under. The club had been an unquestioned success, so instead of folding up, it moved to bigger and better quarters at 24 West 54th Street, where unfortunately it became necessary to pay an unvampable landlord some real money for rent, but then there is room for thirty young women, instead of twelve, to pay it.

In cases where it is necessary to put a newcomer into a double or triple room with girl she has a next room, before, fast, delicate, and psychology all have to be employed. The club is run on a democratic basis, but each girl has a vote. The type of work to enter, and in what order, is decided by the girls. The club is run on a democratic basis, but each girl has a vote. The type of work to enter, and in what order, is decided by the girls.



Holding Up Some Colored Prints on the Wall For Approval. If the Others Thought They Looked All Right, They Were Secured with Push Pins.

Of Course, let Our Girl to Go Down in the Dust Cellar and Tend the Furnace Was No Fun. But With Three Merry Young Women Dancing Down the Stairs and All Working Together, Nobody Mind the Job.

room with girl she has a next room, before, fast, delicate, and psychology all have to be employed. The club is run on a democratic basis, but each girl has a vote. The type of work to enter, and in what order, is decided by the girls. The club is run on a democratic basis, but each girl has a vote. The type of work to enter, and in what order, is decided by the girls.

They Carried Upstairs the Beds, Bureaus, Mattresses, Most of Which the Girls Had Bought Second Hand. The Young Dancers Had Money to Waste on Paints, Brushes or Other Help. So They Did the Painting and Decorating Themselves—Good Exercise and Good Training, They Said.

equivalent of nuts—whatever it may be (for girls who are working).

One of the strangest features of the Dancers' Club is the fact that a professional psychologist is one of the officers. This man's name is Mrs. Perlman, and his official title is "Vocational Counselor." It has been found that to be a very useful person to have around because he knows a lot about dancers and their peculiar problems. He has not interested in dancing, however, and then found that it offered a wide field for psychological research. The girls, individually and collectively, bring their problems to him and he tries to help them out.

Frequently a girl will get depressed because she doesn't think she's getting ahead fast enough. Mrs. Perlman, as her personality the once over and then prescribes. Frequently, encouragement. If that is needed, but sometimes it is found that the girl is trying to make progress in a line of dancing for which she is temperamentally unfitted. Mr. Perlman gives a couple of public talks each week. The ages of the girls generally run from 17 to 22, but the club has accommodated them as young as 11.

There are the usual number of house rules (no cooking in room, no playing of musical instruments after 12, no singing after 12—or carousing) and some others made necessary by the peculiar character of the establishment. Thus, no outside visitors are allowed after midnight—till the residents may receive callers of the opposite sex in the ladies' club. It happens to be unoccupied, in a small reception room, or in the restaurant in the basement. Men are never allowed above the second floor and consequently there are no restrictions as to what the girls may wear so long as they do not port themselves in the upstairs.

No girl inadequately clothed is allowed on the ground floor or in the restaurant after noon. The club has grown until now it includes most everyone of any prominence in the dancing world. It is a place where the girls can find a home, a place to live, a place to work, a place to play, a place to be. It is a place where the girls can find a home, a place to live, a place to work, a place to play, a place to be.

The officers of the club, who not only serve without pay but take into their pockets to remove that little no defect which is as sure to accumulate as a dancer's hair, are: Lucia March, director; Richard Silvester, manager; Carl Link, art counsel; Voltaire Chaud, music counsel; Jess Perlman, vocational counsel; A. H. Goldman, general counsel; Eleanor Coleman, secretary; Barbara Fall, treasurer. The annual dues run all the way from \$1.00 to \$5.00 for non-residents, and not the five hundred that keep the club going.

There is much less roommate trouble than might be expected, in fact than one usually finds at pot schools and colleges. An officer of the club explained this by saying that dancers do a lot of traveling around and are early in life to get along with almost

When some serious difficulty does arise—such as one girl complaining that by roommates keeps jumping out of bed at all hours to practise dance routines, or talks in her sleep, or doesn't wait to let the light out, then the case comes up before the house, and is decided either by arbitration or by separating the complainant.

One of the most serious dangers of the club is the fact that the girls are not allowed to have any money in their pockets. This is to prevent the girls from being tempted by the sight of a dollar bill or a five dollar bill, and to prevent the girls from being tempted by the sight of a dollar bill or a five dollar bill.



At Left—Royal Head-Piece of Spun Gold, Representing a Warrior With Jaws Bared.
Above—Gold Earrings and Large Gold Necklace With Gold Bells.

Searching for B



Ruins of the Old Mixtec Temples and Tombs, Monte Alban, Unexpectedly Found Cups, Urns, Vases, Jars of Onyx, Jade,

The Recent Unexpected Discovery of Priceless Articles of Solid Gold and Jewels in the Tomb of Six Ancient Warrior Kings in Mexico

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FOR more than 6000 years man has been digging gold out of the earth and picking up gold nuggets as they came to view on his wanderings. Gold does not rust, tarnish nor evaporate—the gold accumulated during all these centuries still exists, but much of it has been lost. History shows that here and there around the world are vast stores of treasure hidden in caves, in tombs and temples, buried in the earth or sunk in ocean depths.

Professor H. F. Lutz, of the University of California, estimates that Alexander the Great gathered treasure to the amount of \$358,000,000 in three of his campaigns. A thousand years later Genghis Khan, the Mongol conqueror, traveled over some of the same ground and gathered and removed enormous treasure. Four hundred years later Tamerlane, the Tartar plunderer, pillaged the same section of the ancient world and came back with even greater booty than either. And 300 years later, in 1739, the Persian robber chieftain Nadir Shah, invaded this territory and carried off \$350,000,000 worth of loot.

But the rich booty gathered up by Alexander has been lost to the world for more than 2000 years; the Genghis Khan loot has never been found; Tamerlane's historic hoard disappeared, and the Russian Government is now searching for it. And all this crop of treasure was harvested from the same corner of the world—it did not include the wealth of Egypt nor Central or South America nor Europe.

Some of the long-lost ancient treasure is being recovered. The patient search by modern man is being slowly and sometimes unexpectedly rewarded by discovering the hiding places. Archaeologists are exploring the ruins of early cities and royal palaces, fortune hunters are digging here and there, and expeditions are dredging the sea for wrecks of treasure-laden ships. Elsewhere on this page is a partial list of some of the treasure which history records, but which has disappeared.

The most recent discovery of unknown treasure was stumbled on a few months ago in Mexico by an expedition under the direction of Professor Alfonso Caso, archaeologist of the National Museum of Mexico, and is perhaps the most valuable ever made in that country. The scene of the discovery was Monte Alban, the ancient fortress city, near Oaxaca, in southern Mexico. It is supposed to have been a stronghold of the Mixtecs, a civilized race flourishing before the Spanish conquest. The explorers dug for many days through the mound until they reached a pair of steps leading to an ante-chamber. They made their way into an inner hall, a tomb of ancient kings.

"There," says Professor Caso, "we saw dead warriors, six of them seated around the walls, jewel covered and ornamented with gold and other precious things. Their skeletons had practically disintegrated during the many decades since they had been placed there."

"Near them were many extraordinary objects—gold, silver, copper, jade, turquoise and other materials."

A sacred mask representing the Indian god Xipeotec was one of the more important golden ornaments found. Other treasures were a diadem of gold, breast ornaments of gold, bracelets and necklaces, all of gold and beautifully worked. A splendid bowl of rock-crystal and several alabaster vessels were among the other innumerable treasures. Many pearls of great size were there.

A human skull richly encrusted with turquoise and shell was an interesting find. It was probably removed by one of the six warriors from an important enemy and preserved and decorated as a trophy. When found it had a flint-knife sticking into the hollow of the nose.

Many human bones carved with a skill not surpassed by the finest Chinese ivory work were in the collection. Upon some of these bones historical events had been engraved. On others were details from the ritual calendars used by these ancient people. Thus the human bones were really books giving information of great importance. Professor Caso believes that the Mayan calendar, the most notable achievement of pre-Columbian-American civilization, originated in the state where this tomb was found. Before reaching the tomb the archeologists had unearthed a great stairway and a terrace which had been enlarged three different times, thus indicating three different epochs in the history of the ancient city.

One of the most striking and beautiful objects in the tomb is a carved and filigreed breast ornament of gold. The carving includes a human head with an enormous headdress and represents a "tiger knight," according to Senor Caso. The fierce gold fangs of the animal are bared in a striking pose. There were various orders of knighthood among these people, as in Europe—among them tiger and eagle knights.

Another precious ornament is a strand of thirty-one hollow gold beads. There is also an ornate lavalliere made in six pendant pieces filigreed and carved and ending in golden bells. One beautiful necklace is formed of seven golden shells from each of which dangle golden bells. A remarkable find was the golden handle of a fan still held by the crumbling fingers of a skeleton, showing the degree of luxury attained by these people.

Explaining the workmanship of the people who made these jewels and other early civilized Americans, Professor Arthur Woodward, of the Los Angeles Museum of Science and Arts, says: "The pre-Columbian jewelers made cutting tools of bamboo and cane with which they cut and drilled amethysts, emeralds, jades, garnets and crystals. We have one small wooden shield on which the artist cut and fitted perfectly 14,000 pieces of turquoise to depict the God of War."

"While the God of War was a bloodthirsty deity demanding many human sacrifices, the cruellest god was Xipeotec, God of the Goldsmiths. It was death to steal gold. The victim was skinned alive before execution, his skin was split up the back and the priests wore these human skins laced up the back like a suit of overalls."

While excavating the walls of the great north terrace of Monte Alban, Professor Caso came upon a number of human figures carved upon stone slabs that seemed to be dancing men. These stones are used as building materials and come from some older structure. They are accompanied by hieroglyphics that are neither Mixtec nor Zapotec, and are thought to be relics of an unknown civilized race of about the same time as the early centuries of the Christian era. There are still many tombs to be examined similar to those in which the treasure of gold and precious stones was found, and the excavations are being continued.

Ernesto Loock, a German who is excavating in the State of Michoacan, Mexico, reports that he has found traces of the famous treasure of

Necklace of Beads of Solid Gold Found by Prof. Caso in the Tomb of the Old Mixtec Kings, Near Oaxaca, Mexico.



Curious Old Print Showing Pizarro Forcing the Ancient Peruvians to Bring to Him Their Wealth of Gold and Silver.

the Tarascan King Calzontzin, who disappeared mysteriously in 1522 while pursued by the Spaniards. The hidden treasure has been estimated at \$25,000,000. Herr Loock discovered the opening of an underground passage on the mountain of La Bates de Oro. It was filled with debris and the explorer and his men cleared it for a distance of nearly 300 feet.

As the passage descended they found regularly formed stairs along which were inscriptions. At the end of a hall the explorer came on a woman's mummy behind which was a wall, which he and his companion broke through. There they were stopped by an intolerable odor. The explorer has requested the Mexican Treasury Department, which has supervision over ancient treasure, to send observers to collect the government's 50 per cent share of anything recovered, and to give him guarantees that he will be allowed to keep his own share.

The tomb of Alexander the Great, the conqueror of the whole known world in his day, has long fascinated ambitious treasure hunters. This tomb would in any case be a historical object of incalculable value and there is good reason to believe that it contains, and is surrounded by, objects of great intrinsic value. The tomb, according to many authorities, lies under the site of the Mosque of Nebi-Daniel in Alexandria, and a search is being made for it there.

Howard Carter, whose fame is bound up with Tutankhamen's tomb, was at first disposed to look for Alexander's tomb in Alexandria, but he has recently reached the conclusion that the great conqueror was buried at the city of Soli, in Asia Minor. This city was famous in ancient times. Its name was changed to Pompeiopolis by the Romans and it is now known as Mezetti. Mr. Carter has found documents which lead him to believe that Alexander was known as Zul-Karnein by the Arabs and that he is buried in what was long called by them Zul-Karnein's tomb at ancient Soli. Mr. Carter is reported to believe that he will find the tomb intact and will proceed to exhume as soon as he receives the necessary permission. If Alexander's tomb



Entrance of Alexander the Great Into Babylon

Eighteen Historic H

	Estimated Value
1—Loot of the richest cities of Asia buried by Alexander the Great after his various conquests—jewels, golden objects, priceless statuary, ornaments, plate, vases and other objects of art. Alexander lived 356-324 B. C.	\$500,000,000
2—Alexander the Great's golden coffin and personal treasure buried with him two years after his death in 324 B. C.	60,000,000
3—Buried body of Hannibal, the Carthaginian General, from his campaigns in Asia and Europe. Hannibal lived 247-181 B. C.	50,000,000
4—Treasures of Attila the Hun, including the enormous loot from Iran and the riches buried with him in his secret tomb. Attila lived 406-453 A. D.	250,000,000
5—Spoil of Genghis Khan, Tartar conqueror, buried in various places and in his hidden grave. Genghis Khan lived 1164-1227 A. D.	100,000,000
6—Plunder of Tamerlane, another Tartar conqueror, including fruits of his sack of India. Tamerlane lived 1336-1405 A. D.	100,000,000
7—Clue to the hiding place of the treasure of the Tarascan (Mexican) King, Calzontzin, reported found. This consists of gold and jewels buried with him in his hidden royal tomb about 1500 A. D.	25,000,000
8—Treasure of the Aztec Emperors, better known as "Moctezuma's treasure," buried by the Spaniards in their retreat from Mexico City (night of June 30, 1520).	100,000,000
9—340 tons of gold hidden by Peruvians from Pizarro in 1532.	198,333,696

should be found, it will be the most remarkable discovery of the kind ever made and should bring untold wealth to the finder. The beautiful sarcophagus preserved at Constantinople and often known as Alexander's tomb, because it bears sculptures of his victories, is now generally conceded to be of a later date.

Soli was an important city in the time of Alexander, about the fourth century B.C., and was so wealthy that he exacted a fine of \$400,000 from it.

Meanwhile Professor Evaristo Breccia is searching for the tomb at Alexandria where tradition has located it for centuries. Alexander died at Babylon in 324 B.C., his mother having poisoned him, it is believed, because she feared he was escaping from her maternal influence. Professor Breccia tells how the body was transported by the conqueror's orders to be buried at

Buried Treasure



Near Oaxaca, Mexico, Where Professor Don Alfonso Caso
Found Crystal, Alabaster and Pearls and Articles of Solid Gold



From Painting by Le Brun, in the Louvre.

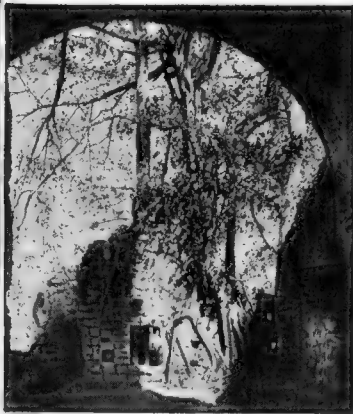
Lists of Lost Treasure

	Estimated Value.
—Treasure of the Chinese city of Tumbes, Peru, consisting of emeralds, pearls, gold and silver, buried in 1832.....	150,000,000
—Golden and silver statues, immense emeralds and pearls and other precious stones and jeweled objects stripped by the priests of the god Pachacamac from his temple in Peru to keep them out of Pizarro's hands; also buried in 1832....	100,000,000
12—Treasure of gold and jewels in Spanish galleon <i>Floresca</i> , sunk in Taborney Bay, Scotland, in 1588.....	2,000,000
13—Treasure stolen by Morgan the buccaner from Panama, packed on 175 mules, much of it buried and never recovered (1671).....	5,000,000
14—Treasure buried at Panama to hide it from Morgan (1671).....	5,000,000
15—Treasure of the Mogul Emperors of India, stolen and most of it buried by Nadir Shah in 1747 A. D. The British crown jewel, the "Koh-i-Noor" was part of this hoard, and it also included a solid golden throne covered with rubies, emeralds and diamonds.....	250,000,000
16—Gold coins belonging to Napoleon sunk with his ship <i>Orient</i> in 1799.....	3,000,000
17—Gold coins and ingots on British warship <i>La Lutine</i> sunk in 1799.....	4,500,000
18—Three axes containing gold bars, money and jewelry, including a million-dollar necklace of pearls, sunk with the <i>Lusitania</i> , May 7, 1918.....	6,000,000
Total.....	\$1,898,833,696

the Oasis of Ammon, about four hundred miles west of Alexandria, the city which he had founded. The construction of the funeral car and sarcophagus occupied two years. There was an inner coffin covered with beaten gold and lined with aromatic wood to guard against decay. The funeral carriage had a roof of gold adorned with mosaics and colored enamels, twelve feet in height and eighteen feet in length, surmounted by figures of Victory carrying trophies. Underneath the golden roof was a golden throne, square in form, adorned with goats' heads, to which were affixed golden pendants the width of two palm leaves. Above the car was a golden garland whose threads were the thickness of a finger. Gold was used in enormous quantity in everything connected with the funeral pageant. On the way to Egypt the body, according to Professor Breccia, was seized by Ptolemy, the ruler



Beautifully Carved Pendant of Gold, With Hieroglyphs and Hanging Bells of Gold.



Vaulted Arch Leading to a Cave Where Some of the Treasure from the Tomb of Alexander Was Found to Save It from Morgan, the Pirate.

of Egypt, and probably half-brother of Alexander, who had it buried at Memphis not far from modern Cairo. Ptolemy the Second had it removed to Alexandria in order to increase the importance of this new capital. It is stated by some writers that the golden coffin which contained the body of the conqueror was removed by this Ptolemy and replaced by a glass one. At a much later date, Cleopatra, also a descendant of the Ptolemies, when she was in great financial need, is said to have removed all objects of value from the tomb of Alexander and her other ancestors. These statements, however, do not dispose of all hope that there may be treasure in the tomb. The veneration of the ancient world for such a mighty ruler ought surely to have led them to respect some objects connected with his grave. It is recorded that the Emperor Augustus, after he had conquered Cleopatra, paid a visit to the tomb of Alexander and touched the body. He accidentally injured a part of the nose, but placed upon the head a crown of gold. The building containing the tomb is said to have been destroyed in the time of the Emperor Diocletian, and centuries after this a mosque was built on the spot. Professor Breccia has located the traditional site of the tomb at a point near the Coptic church of St. Mark and close to the Mosque of Nebi-Daniel, which was formerly known by the Arabs as the Mosque of Zuk-Karrein, which means "The Mosque of the Lord with the Two Horns," a term for Alexander. It was also called "The Tomb of the Prophet and King Iskander." "Everything," says Professor Breccia, "tends to show that the tomb of Alexander was in the neighborhood of the Mosque of Nebi-Daniel, if not under the very mosque itself." The professor has been hindered in his excavation through the extreme sacredness of the mosque, but now through the influence of His Highness Prince Omar Toussoun, of Egypt, he will be able to proceed with the work.

At Right—Mask of Pure Gold, Life Size, Found in the Mitec Tomb. Above—Alabaster Vase in Perfect Condition, and a Gold Necklace With Gold Beads.

Various Expeditions Now Hunting for the Enormous Hoards of Historic Wealth Known to Have Existed, But Long Lost to the World

Finding the immense wealth captured by Alexander and hidden in various places is perhaps the most fascinating and promising of all prospects before the treasure-seeker. Professor H. F. Lutz, of the University of California, already referred to, states precisely that Alexander took booty of \$5,000,000 at the battle of Issus, over \$141,000,000 at Persepolis and \$212,000,000 at Ecbatana. Alexander plundered all the richest countries of the world, including Asia as far as India, and wealth then was counted almost entirely in objects of gold and jewels. While he spent a considerable portion on his campaigns and gave another part to his mother, it is estimated that he hid the greater part, about 75 per cent of his booty. He died at 33, before he had time to spend much of it. A contemporary of Alexander, Callisthenes, tells of the trains of hundreds of elephants that were required to transport the conqueror's booty from interior Asia. The Russian Soviet Government has sent several expeditions to hunt for Alexander's hidden hoards in Azerbaijan, in Turkistan, and other remote countries of Asia, having obtained evidence of their whereabouts. Professor Samaliev, a distinguished Russian archeologist, has furnished the government documents showing that Alexander's spoils from his invasion of Persia and India were buried near Baku, which is in Azerbaijan, on the Caspian Sea. Among the documents was an ancient map showing the location of the treasure, found in Andrievka and stolen from a Turkish Sultan. The region in which Alexander operated was the original home of the world's civilization, and the one in which treasure was most heavily accumulated from the beginning of history. It boasted such Kings as Croesus of Lydia, whose furniture was all of gold. Estimates of the value of the treasure hidden by Alexander and not recovered vary from \$500,000,000 to \$1,000,000,000. The accumulation and hoarding of treasure went on in this region from the earliest times down to a comparatively recent date. One conqueror after another arose, seized all the valuables he could from conquered kings and had it buried as a reserve in case of need. In Austria a Dr. Binderberger asserts that he has discovered clues to the treasure-filled tomb of Attila, the Hun. Attila called himself the "Scourge of God," and plundered Italy and other European countries. His body was enormous, and he cannily buried immense treasures here and there during his campaigns, little of which has ever been recovered. In 453 A. D. he married a damsel named Ildico. In the morning his generals broke into his chamber to find him dead and Ildico a maniac. He was buried in a secret tomb with an immense hoard of his booty and his insane bride. Dr. Binderberger says that Attila was buried in an iron coffin enclosing a silver coffin, which in its turn enclosed a gold coffin. He claims to know the location of the tomb, and has secured permission from the Italian Government to excavate. Ghengis Khan, the Mongol conqueror of the twelfth century, plundered China, India and part of Europe. He died while camping on the River Sale, in Mongolia, and was buried in that vicinity. He left orders to his trusted bodyguard to kill everybody living within a hundred miles around, so that no grave robbers could find his burial place. Much of his treasure was buried with him. The modern impoverished Republic of

Mongolia is now endeavoring to find this strangely concealed place. The Soviet Government is also seeking for the buried treasure of Tamerlane, or Timur "the Lame," the terrible Tartar conqueror. Starting from Samarkand, he conquered all Asia from the Ganges to the Hellespont, about 1400, A. D. One description of his triumphal return to Samarkand from an expedition to India tells of ninety elephants being required to transport the treasure he had captured. He was buried in Samarkand in a plain oblong coffin, but the Soviet Government has clues to show that his body was cunningly concealed in the vicinity. The Great Mogul Emperors, who reigned at Delhi and seized most of the jewels of the old Hindu princes, were successors of Tamerlane. Professor William Jones, an English authority, says the Great Mogul's throne was six feet long and four feet wide, all of solid gold and inlaid with rubies, emeralds and diamonds. Then the treasures were seized by the robber chieftain, Nadir Shah, and carried away, as already stated. Some were captured by other marauders, but a vast quantity was hidden and still awaits a finder. A common soldier stole the Koh-i-noor diamond from Nadir Shah, and it eventually became the chief jewel of the British crown. A modest estimate of the value of this lost treasure is \$200,000,000. In Izaba, Province of Guatemala, is a ruined temple of the ancient Mayans dedicated to their god of fire. It is in almost impenetrable jungle, and few white men have ever seen it. There were many strange legends regarding it, and last year the Guatemalan Government decided to investigate. They sent down a strong expedition, which managed after weeks of unremitting toil to reach the ruined temple. The structure was half underground and built over a number of volcanic fissures. The shrine of the fire-god was found. Examination of the fissure by which it stood resulted in the discovery of many golden objects which had been thrown down into it and had lodged in pockets on the sides. So much of value was discovered that the Guatemalan authorities sent a company of soldiers to the spot to guard the expedition. Treasure to the amount of \$5,000,000 is reported to have been unearthed and sent to Guatemala City, the capital, where much of it is said to have been melted down into ingots. Almost at the gates of Mexico City there is believed to lie a vast hidden treasure taken from the Aztec Emperor Montezuma and lost by the Spanish conquistador, Hernando Cortes. After fighting his way into Mexico City; then called Tenochtitlan, Cortes committed many atrocities and then started building a chapel, during which operation he discovered a hidden hoard in which were piled tiers upon tiers of boxes and chests filled with jewels, pearls, bags of gold dust and other treasures. One of the Spaniards present wrote: "All the riches of the world would seem gathered together here." Cortez imprisoned and tortured the Aztec Emperor until he agreed to give up all his wealth. More than twenty goldsmiths spent many days reducing the gold ornaments to bullion. This was worth many millions, while jewels and pearls were worth even more. At last Montezuma died, and his subjects were goaded to revolt. The Spaniards were defeated and began to retreat loaded with their treasure, some of it on their persons and some in chests drawn by horses. They were overtaken by the Mexicans on the causeway passing through the lake which then surrounded Mexico City, and the millions of gold and precious stones, all the vast wealth of Montezuma, was lost at the bottom of the lake. There it has remained to the present day. The exact place where it was lost is unknown and it must have sunk deep into the mud. The lake has since been filled up and poor people are probably liv-

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Waves of ill health during times of depression now are traced to neglect of the protective foods



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They are an excellent source of vitamin C, having at least twice as much as apples, bananas, pineapples or tomato juice.

For these reasons millions of people now make it a daily habit to drink two, full-sized (8 oz.) glasses of fresh orange juice with the juice of half a lemon in each

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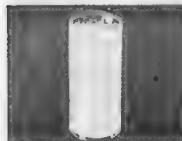


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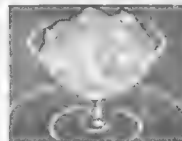


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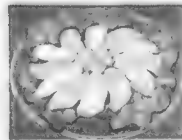
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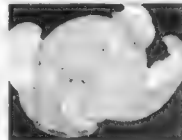
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DEBBY B. Madeline Sharps Buchanan

The Fascinating Story of a Girl Who Risked Everything for Love

DEBBY B. Nairne, Madeline's sister, is the leader of the world and society. She is a girl who risks everything for love. She is a girl who risks everything for love. She is a girl who risks everything for love.

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

Prudence Brulow, the daughter of the town's political boss, Nairne offers to let her own house be the scene of a party. She is a girl who risks everything for love. She is a girl who risks everything for love. She is a girl who risks everything for love.

Prudence Brulow, the daughter of the town's political boss, Nairne offers to let her own house be the scene of a party. She is a girl who risks everything for love. She is a girl who risks everything for love. She is a girl who risks everything for love.

CHAPTER V. Temptation.

ANTHONY LYNN swung his magnificent young body from under the silver spray of the cold shower. He was a bronzed, muscular, and handsome young man, with a strong, well-defined jaw, and a pair of deep-set eyes that looked straight at you with a steady, unflinching gaze.

Of these things, was Rube Worrow vaguely reminded, as, prone upon a couch in the men's dressing room near the Manderson swimming pool, he looked at Tony as that young man rubbed down with a rough towel, fought with his dark hair which insisted upon a wave or two, and sauntering into the adjoining room proceeded to array himself.

"Who is Prue?" asked Tony. "If you wouldn't be ahead like these lady-like Romans and then saunter out at noon to your bath without seeing a soul until you are your usual killing self, you'd know what goes on," snorted Rube. "Nairne has her girl. Adgie and I found her and Adgie kept her fast under a mud guard until Nairne came along and got her. Don't you think a mud guard under the circumstances rather good? I am telling you she is some girl. But she can't play with us for a while because her pretty arm is hurt."

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came in at an hour when nobody wants to talk and there is no use listening to the ones who do. Prue was unconcerned when they put her to bed and after one look at her Nairne wouldn't have delivered her to her family for anything on earth. But she is all right now. I just asked."

"Tony looked bewildered and disgusted."

"What is she like, this girl?" he asked at last, tapping a cigarette on the back of one brown hand.

Rube kissed his fingers and flung the carcase at the skylight with his expression became hostile.

"Like sunset," he moaned.

"Like sunset, a sunrise on a billow of snow, like innocent looking champagne with the delectable and the danger of it bubbling up in your foot face all the time."

"That's plenty," said Tony abruptly. "I gather that she is pretty. But Nairne will get her self into serious trouble if she tries any crazy stunt like this. You all well. It is slow and cheap. You've got the idea you can run the earth."

"She was rather impossible last night," said Rube dreamily. "As soon as you look at her. You wouldn't drink a thing although we hit it up pretty well all the time. She only got in my car because she was worried about Nancy and thought the air would straighten us out. Boy, she is unique!"

"Well, you'd better all cut it out, that's my opinion," said Tony sharply. "Let the girl alone. Let her go home. What does Nairne expect to do with her?"

"Make her like the rest of us," grinned Rube and dodged the cushion Tony flung at his head. "You've got no appreciation of what the gods and Adgie and myself have just done for you. We've brought a girl across your path the like of whom you've never seen and will never see again. We've brought a girl across your path the like of whom you've never seen and will never see again."

But Mr. Worrow was talking to himself. Anthony Lynn had sauntered out while he spoke.

Nairne, Madeline, in an exquisite two-piece mauve frock with soft collar and cuffs, staid out the door of the suite to which she had taken Prudence Brulow, did not look as though she had adroitly dealt some few hours previous. Her lovely life face was serene as though life flowed without a ripple for its fortunate possessor. It was an unmarked little face and yet it held obvious possibilities. Many a young man had been smart enough to sense that, but had been unable to waken them.

Opening the door gently she peeped in at the smothered greens of the bedroom where Prue lay, propped among foamy pillows, beneath the light froth of pale green satin puff that billowed upon the bed. The bed was a marvelous thing, raised royally upon three broad velvet covered steps, and no beauty of the period of that enticing room could have been fairer than Prue in one of Nairne's night dresses, the top a frosting of opalescent lace, her eyes as purple as the flowers that grew in the



"Now you get up this minute and come home with me, Prue," Helen Stormed.

of bed, standing straight and slim as an alabaster urn in the creamy gown. A maid hastened to lay the delicate robe about her.

One little maid in black and white was removing a silver tray from Prue's knees while another was placing a fragile looking bed-room robe across the foot of the bed.

While Prue Brulow had never even imagined a room like that, and while every beating nerve in her young body was wrung with the marvel of it, she longed only to get away and was wondering miserably what her family and John Maxwell were thinking.

"Good-morning!" said Nairne brightly. "Is your arm very painful? I've dropped in to explain and apologize."

"Isn't it afternoon?" asked Prue as with a little grimace of pain she turned to look at Nairne.

"I seem to ache all over."

"Possibly it is afternoon," smiled Nairne and sat on the step beside Prue, her arms linked about her knees. "I scarcely seem to know any more."

"You have been very good to me," said Prue a trifle stiffly. "I should have been so when home. If I do not return by—"

"I have informed your family," said Nairne. "I have told them that you are not worried about you at all. You see, I was in the car that ran into you. You must let me do what I can. The crazy fool who drove me might have killed you."

"But I have a job," said Prue. "I can't afford to lose it. If John Maxwell knew I was hurt, that I will not be able to—"

"Your mother said she would tell him," said Nairne. "Now, please don't worry, Prue—let's get on with it. Your sister Helen would come to see you this afternoon."

Prue made another grimace, this time not of pain.

"Helen!" she sighed. "Oh, well, I suppose she must. But I am not. My arm is a great deal in bed. I cannot possibly stay here."

Nairne glanced about the exquisite apartment and beyond it at the rooming house and baby's room. "Aren't you comfy?" she asked, taking a cigarette from an emerald case and offering it to Prue. "Don't you like it?"

Prue shook her head at the cigarette impatiently.

"I don't know what that is for," she said sharply. "But I must be getting home. I have a great deal to do."

"Just as you wish," Nairne blew a smoke wreath at the ceiling. "But the doctor said you were badly shaken up. And remember, my dear, always do when off and on. They always do when I am alone. The Blairs and the Worrows cheer me up and it is proper enough. We are really a nice bunch. You won't be able to not like it. And your family said you might stay."

But Prue was not swayed by the siren voice. She swung out

shoulders, her bandaged arm, to place the furred trifles on her bare foot.

"You are very kind," said Prue starting bravely across the floor. "But I must dress and go home. Anyone would know that I could not stay here."

But as she spoke, having reached the arched door of the bath and caught a glimpse of the rony shell of sunken tub filled with warm, perfumed water, of green and gold walls framed many mirrors, the exquisite surroundings suddenly whirled about her and she awayed, sick with dizziness.

"Else!" called Nairne sharply to the two maids. "Ann!"

Prudence Brulow, for all her brave determination to defy Fate, had indignantly fainted in the arms of the hostess she had dismissed.

When Nairne reached the lawn her guests were gathered beside the swimming pool.

Mary Dixon in a fluffy white something or other lounged in the red chairs, both shapely limbs dangling over the arm of the flat rest of her topped by her sleek little dark head tucked aside into the deeply cushioned seat. Ed Worrow in a daintily abbreviated blue bathing suit, her shingled yellow pate like smooth taffy, sat upon the marble rim of the pool and smoked a cigarette in a ridiculously long holder. Ed was lots of fun and didn't care a pruncheon what Rube did or said, she could go her own way, which made them both delightful house guests.

Rube, who was a little of things, it was Ed's habit to sigh, "If I had all my almonies from Rube I'd be the richest woman in the world." Which was not true, but it was being harmless, if a trifle wild.

Duke King, far out in the vast pool, was flinging an enormous rubber ball, the color of flame, to Art Pipping who sat upon the sandy beach and looked no better in his snip of a bathing suit

(Continued on Page 10)

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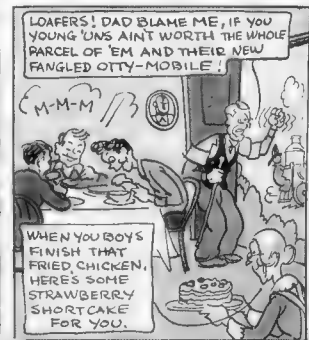
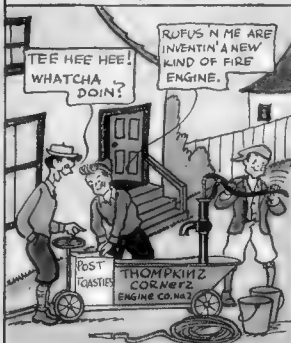
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Dinner by Madeleine Sharps Buchanan

(Continued from Page 12)

then he had looked in his pajamas at Nairne's breakfast. Duke Carman lay sprawled in the sand while Adge Blair dug the past to the very ground, and the book thing in the present to a vast majority. Seemingly unobtainable, he was all the more desirable.

It was, however, the thought of the girl she had left in the amethyst and green room that made Nairne smile so entrancingly when at last she caught Tony's eye.

It would be so delicious to bring those two together, with four thousand dollars as the stake.

When Nairne reached the group, she tripped upon the stone pile that terminated the marble rim upon which Tony and Fifi sat and there was laughing triumph in every line of her face.

"I've found my girl!" she announced in her lithe voice. "She is ideal. She works for her living and she hasn't a copper and she loves everything we do. She would rather take poison than allow one of our wicked young men to kiss her. If beautiful she turns up, Adge, whenever I speak of you and I don't date mention Nairne."

"What's her name?" asked Mary Dixon idly.

Then Nairne was shaken with a faint shiver, swayed by sheer devotion, balancing there on the stone pedestal.

"Her name?" she cried shivering with mischief. "Her name is Prudence Brislaw. Do you all hear me?" PRUDENCE.

"Oh, Nairne, that is too much," cried Duke Carman, sitting erect in her mountain of sand. "That is too much."

"No, it is true," triumphed Nairne. "Isn't it too delicious?"

"It won't be Prudence when she's Tony's," chuckled, Art Pipping. "I'll be hope."

"And Faith, who she knows him," giggled Mary Dixon. "It will have to be Charity when she finds out what we've done to her, or will he be the donor to pay?" said Duke King with soft vehemence as he walked from the water with the dripping ball in his hand.

"She sings, too—a little," added Nairne.

"Shades of Jenny Lind!" groaned Pipping. "That'll mean a squawk. What she like?"

"I cannot vouch for the voice as such," said Nairne. "But the rest of her can't anyone describe a pip, dream? A rain-bow?"

"Why do we wait?" barked Duke Carman.

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"One of the irresistible features of appealing charm and loveliness is soft, alluring wavy hair," says Constance Cummings. I advise women everywhere to secure a soft, flowing permanent wave with the Frederics Vita-Tonic Process."

Soft, lustrous, wavy hair—the appealing beauty you've longed for—can be yours if you demand a Genuine Vita-Tonic Permanent Wave. Make sure you get it... Mail us the coupon below and we will send you a free Vita-Tonic Wrapper, an interesting booklet on the care of your hair, and a complete list of hairdressers in your vicinity who give Genuine Vita-Tonic Waves. Take the Vita-Tonic Wrapper with you when going for your permanent. Compare it with the wrappers used by your hairdresser... assure yourself of getting a genuine Vita-Tonic Wave... see that no harmful imitations are used.

LOOK FOR THIS WRAPPER when having your permanent wave

FREE! How will we send it? In postage-paid wrapper, no expense, we will also send you a tube of Frederics Vita-Tonic Scalp Treatment and a tube of Frederics Vita-Tonic Shampoo.

Frederics VITA-TONIC WAVES

E. FREDERICS, INC., 235-42 E. 43rd St., NEW YORK CITY, DEPT. 301
 Please send me a free Vita-Tonic Wrapper, booklet and list of hairdressers who give Vita-Tonic Waves. I enclose 10¢ in stamps, please send me free Frederics Vita-Tonic Scalp Treatment and Shampoo for immediate use. (No cash or check needed.)
 Name _____
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them, my eyes lingering with a touch of mischief upon Tony. Tony always drew the eyes of any female creature within looking distance. He was the future to every young girl, the past to every old woman, and the book thing in the present to a vast majority. Seemingly unobtainable, he was all the more desirable.

It was, however, the thought of the girl she had left in the amethyst and green room that made Nairne smile so entrancingly when at last she caught Tony's eye.

It would be so delicious to bring those two together, with four thousand dollars as the stake.

When Nairne reached the group, she tripped upon the stone pile that terminated the marble rim upon which Tony and Fifi sat and there was laughing triumph in every line of her face.

"I've found my girl!" she announced in her lithe voice. "She is ideal. She works for her living and she hasn't a copper and she loves everything we do. She would rather take poison than allow one of our wicked young men to kiss her. If beautiful she turns up, Adge, whenever I speak of you and I don't date mention Nairne."

"What's her name?" asked Mary Dixon idly.

Then Nairne was shaken with a faint shiver, swayed by sheer devotion, balancing there on the stone pedestal.

"Her name?" she cried shivering with mischief. "Her name is Prudence Brislaw. Do you all hear me?" PRUDENCE.

"Oh, Nairne, that is too much," cried Duke Carman, sitting erect in her mountain of sand. "That is too much."

"No, it is true," triumphed Nairne. "Isn't it too delicious?"

"It won't be Prudence when she's Tony's," chuckled, Art Pipping. "I'll be hope."

"And Faith, who she knows him," giggled Mary Dixon. "It will have to be Charity when she finds out what we've done to her, or will he be the donor to pay?" said Duke King with soft vehemence as he walked from the water with the dripping ball in his hand.

"She sings, too—a little," added Nairne.

"Shades of Jenny Lind!" groaned Pipping. "That'll mean a squawk. What she like?"

"I cannot vouch for the voice as such," said Nairne. "But the rest of her can't anyone describe a pip, dream? A rain-bow?"

"Why do we wait?" barked Duke Carman.

"I'm going to have a simply frightful time keeping her here, Tony," she sighed. "She would have bolted this minute if she hadn't fainted dead away. You've got to make her stay to sleep. I'll tell you what, if it's said Adge Blair solemnly, 'we shall have to go at this thing gradually. You can't swing this girl right into one of our parties like her little foot-wife,' said Helen indignantly. "He ought to give her a good beating. I never did think she was any good. You let her alone after that."

"I thought she was because she begged me to," said Prue wearily. "They were all out of their heads. Don't talk about it. It was a dreadful, dreadful night!"

"You are a little simpleton," said Helen. "Staying to protect Nairne Parks with her doll baby face and her chorus girl experience. That's rich! What matter what happened to her? Nothing could give her a shock."

"I never thought that, Helen," said Prue, with a look of horror. "I have known Nancy all my life. She's a little simpleton," shrugged Helen. "But I am not going to see this crowd ruin you."

"I am not a baby," fared Prue. "Do you think I was so charmed with those two drunken idiots last night that I won't be able to keep away from their vicinity?"

"They are not all like Duke and Adge," sniffed Helen. "I believe that's what they call them. This crowd will play with you until your nervousness and freckles make you a laughing stock. You get up just this minute and come home with me. Prue, listen, now."

"No, without seeing Nairne," said Prue. "I can't not be rude."

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Pipping suddenly alert. "My money is on her. You and we could pull her off. If she doesn't pass the board—"

"She's hurt, you poor egg," snapped Blair. "I was in the creek with the book thing, and she shared the rain-drops. I felt very close to her—for a time Duke did his best to kill us. Dallas and Fifi were almost a day."

"There wouldn't be any kick to that," jawed Fifi. "I detest black, and lavender makes me look yellow."

Tony Lynn, idly smoking, was conscious of a faint thrill of anticipation. Along his nerves the suspicion of a single being to creep. He remembered Watson's words: "She's like innocent looking champagne with the devilment and the danger of it bubbling up in your foot face all the time."

Nairne was looking at him over the heads of the others.

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"I did get up but I was dizzy and I fainted," said Prue bluntly. "I'm stuck upon my staying until I am all right."

"But you've only twisted your arm," said Miss Brislaw. "It isn't even a break!"

Prue looked at her with drowsy amused eyes. A broken limb would be nothing to Helen. Not even two broken limbs Helen would not mind. Helen would be nothing to Helen. Not even two broken limbs Helen would not mind. Helen would be nothing to Helen. Not even two broken limbs Helen would not mind.

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"Helen! Of course I shall!" cried Prue, with a look of indignation. "I shall not go until you ring for a maid and find out where Nairne is!"

Helen strode across the fairy-lit room and rang. Almost immediately one of the little black and white maids presented herself.

"Miss Anderson and her guests are at the country club," she informed the girl faced Helen.

"That settles it," said Prue and she slipped her dress back into the tiny beauty of the bed. "I shall not go from this house in that fashion. I insist upon common decency at least. They will be sure to notice the manners of a mill dolly."

"That is how they look upon you," said Helen, tight lipped. "There will be a broken heart for you as well as a broken arm before you are done with this crowd unless you come with me now."

"Just please go home," said Prue wearily. "Tell Mother and John. I shall be in my usual place tomorrow. And my arm is not broken. Please ring again, Helen."

Starlight. The breath of those who were creeping on to open windows. A shaft of silver moonlight pruned upon an amethyst, pointing to a illuminated finger at the golden chain of its corner of a chaise longue. Somewhere a husky little muted gong sounding ten.

Prudence Brislaw, wearing a chiton bedroom robe that fell like a green waterfall down her freckles, moved upon her feet, turned from the window and crossed the room to the door.

Helen had told her the "bunch" was due at the party and would not be in until all hours. Having refused to go, Prue had been kissed lightly by delicately rouged lips, told to ring for any-

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"There was nobody about when I came in," said Helen. "You write her or call her up, and send her a bill for your arm while you're about it."

"Helen! Of course I shall!" cried Prue, with a look of indignation. "I shall not go until you ring for a maid and find out where Nairne is!"

Helen strode across the fairy-lit room and rang. Almost immediately one of the little black and white maids presented herself.

"Miss Anderson and her guests are at the country club," she informed the girl faced Helen.

"That settles it," said Prue and she slipped her dress back into the tiny beauty of the bed. "I shall not go from this house in that fashion. I insist upon common decency at least. They will be sure to notice the manners of a mill dolly."

"That is how they look upon you," said Helen, tight lipped. "There will be a broken heart for you as well as a broken arm before you are done with this crowd unless you come with me now."

"Just please go home," said Prue wearily. "Tell Mother and John. I shall be in my usual place tomorrow. And my arm is not broken. Please ring again, Helen."

Starlight. The breath of those who were creeping on to open windows. A shaft of silver moonlight pruned upon an amethyst, pointing to a illuminated finger at the golden chain of its corner of a chaise longue. Somewhere a husky little muted gong sounding ten.

Prudence Brislaw, wearing a chiton bedroom robe that fell like a green waterfall down her freckles, moved upon her feet, turned from the window and crossed the room to the door.

Helen had told her the "bunch" was due at the party and would not be in until all hours. Having refused to go, Prue had been kissed lightly by delicately rouged lips, told to ring for any-

"Can't you get up?" demanded Miss Brislaw, stalking past the maids and taking her master's hand, with the manner of feeling her pulse. "You get out of that thing!"

"I did get up but I was dizzy and I fainted," said Prue bluntly. "I'm stuck upon my staying until I am all right."

"But you've only twisted your arm," said Miss Brislaw. "It isn't even a break!"

Prue looked at her with drowsy amused eyes. A broken limb would be nothing to Helen. Not even two broken limbs Helen would not mind. Helen would be nothing to Helen. Not even two broken limbs Helen would not mind.

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"The maids took them," said



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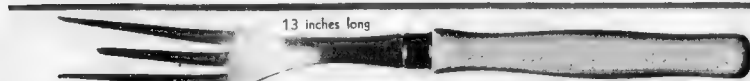
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(Continued from Double Page)

When the room was almost full the Spaniards became impatient. They wanted the gold melted down and distributed right away. They were becoming almost insane at the sight of so much gold. When the excitement became dangerous, Pizarro trumped up charges against the ruler of the Peruvians, condemned him to death, and had him strangled. The Spaniards melted down the gold, set aside the King of Spain's share and divided up the rest.

The Peruvian priests were now warned of the Spaniards' character. Many of them belonged to



ever you

Under the bishop's house were found the remains of many skeletons, some with swords or daggers stuck in their hands. Some of the men had been badly wounded, and one hand was found holding a sword hilt. A small, somewhat worn gold bowl to match was found near the skeletons. The richest find was obtained by long dragging in one of the water-filled tunnels. This is a ball apparently of solid gold, seven inches in diameter, representing the earth, surmounted by a golden cross. It has historical evidence that a solid gold life-size "maire of the Virgin Mary" made from nugget brought in by Indians.

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MOTORISTS WANT

(Continued on Page 24)

(Continued on Page 24)

YOU can depend on Sumonix to keep your bright and beautiful year after year. It gives weather-proof protection to your car. Makes it last longer and keeps it from fading.

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Before 60**

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grayness so perfectly no one
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gray hair.

Don't let gray hair, or hair streaked with
gray, ruin your business or social career.
Because it makes people think you're old.
You can now end this business easily.
You'll be young again in 10 minutes.
It's the sign of a young man.
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sprinkle a few drops
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brush your hair as usual. This wonderful
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The long rows of niches in which golden images had stood were empty. No great gleaming suns of gold nor moons of silver hung above the stone altars. A few pieces of gold and several fine emeralds were picked up on the ground where they had been dropped by the priests in their hurry to dismantle the temple. The doors were still covered with the gorgeous mosaics and while the Spaniards were ripping these off they discovered the golden nails that held the woodwork to

Beside all this treasure, there were 110 ton of gold in storage somewhere and belonging to the temple. It was taken from its vaults, carried away and buried in some wellnigh inaccessible place.

Hizarro ordered all the wooden part on of the temple burned, in order to secure the nails of precious metal. The golden spikes and nails recovered weighed more than 15,000 ounces and had roughly a value of half a million dollars.

The Palace of the Virgins of the Sun that had been a great treasure house of gold and jewels was bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard. Pizarro, furious at having been cheated of his expected loot, ordered the priests to reveal the hiding place of the temple's treasure. Despite the most excruciating tortures the Spaniards could invent, the agonized priests remained faithful to their gods and died with their secret. The Spaniards of that time obtained certain information which made them think that the treasures of Pachacamac had been hidden in the neighboring Valley of Lurin.



A close-up photograph of a bottle of 'EXTRACT' by 'PRODUCTS CO.'. The label is white with black text. The word 'EXTRACT' is prominently displayed in a large, bold, serif font. Below it, 'PRODUCTS CO.' is written in a smaller, sans-serif font. The bottle is dark, and the background is dark and textured.

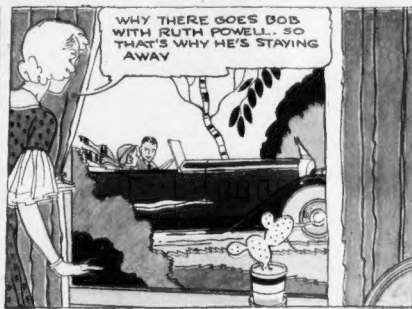
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BLUE RIBBON MALT
AMERICA'S BIGGEST SELLER

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TODAY IS THE DAY! THIS IS CHARLIE AGNEW SPEAKING! WE'RE GOING TO BROADCAST A PIP OF A PROGRAM --- I HOPE YOU'LL ALL LISTEN IN - AND EVERY SUNDAY HERE AFTER - HONEST - NO FOOLIN'!

HERE'S A YEAST YOU'LL LIKE!

Thousands of women have found Yeast Foam Tablets a great beauty aid. These tablets of pure concentrated yeast give tone to your nervous system, build strength and energy, promote regular elimination, cleanse your skin from the inside! Ugly eruptions and hateful blemishes

yield to the corrective action of this natural food tonic.

Yeast Foam Tablets are very different from ordinary yeast. They have a delicate, nut-like flavor that you will really like. Remember, they are nothing but pure yeast and pure yeast is the richest known source of the precious health-building vitamins B and G. And because they're pasteurized, Yeast Foam Tablets cannot cause gas or fermentation. A 10-day bottle costs only 50c at any druggist's. Get one today. Then watch the results in your mirror!

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Better Late Than Never—"I have been taking Yeast Foam Tablets for two weeks, and am so full of life and vitality—I could kick myself for not trying them sooner. They are a splendid tonic for the nerves and you should see how the blemishes have vanished from my skin."—Gastonia, Ala.

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Yeast Foam Tablets



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Baltimore—WBAL	Council Bluffs—KOIL	Jacksonville—WJAX	Omaha—KOIL	San Francisco—KGO
Bilings—KGIH	Dallas—WFAA-WBAP	Kansas City—WREN	Oklahoma City—WKY	Seattle—KOMO
Birmingham—WAPI	Denver—KOA	Los Angeles—KFI	Pittsburgh—KDKA	Spokane—KIO
Bismarck—KFYR	Detroit—WJR	Madison—WIBA	Phoenix—KTAR	Springfield—WBZA
Boston—WBZ	Fargo—WDAY	Miami—WIOD	Portland—KGW	St. Louis—KWK
Butte—KGIR	Fl. Worth—WFAA	Milwaukee—WTMJ	Raleigh—WTF	St. Paul—KSTP
Cedar Rapids—KWCR	Hot Springs—KTHS	Minneapolis—KSTP	Rochester—WRVA	Superior—WERC
Chicago—KYW		Nashville—WSM	Salt Lake City—KSL	Tampa—WFLA-WSUN
Cleveland—WGAR				Tulsa—KVOD

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Please send me generous free sample of Yeast Foam Tablets and descriptive circular.

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Why pay big prices to give new color to faded drapes, "washed-out" wearables or other fabrics in your home and wardrobe? Tintex will do a truly professional job without streaks or spots in just a few minutes—and for just a few pennies!

You'll find 33 colors from which to choose on the Tintex Color Card on display at all drug stores and notion counters.

Choose those you like best and in next to no time you can restore the original color-freshness to faded fabrics or give them new and different colors, if you wish. It's easy! It's quick! It's beautifully successful!

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There is beauty hidden in every woman's face that Mercolized Wax will reveal. Mercolized Wax can make any complexion young and beautiful. The Wax penetrates the pores and gently lifts off the aged and blemished surface skin that hides your true beauty. It cleans away all such defects as freckles, tan and pimples. Mercolized Wax brings out the youthful, smooth, white underlain glow with new life and beauty.

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Reduces wrinkles and other age signs. Simply dissolves one ounce. Powdered Saxolite in one-half pint which hasel and use daily as an astringent.

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Ointment 25¢ and Soap 10¢. Free literature. Write to: Cuticura, P.O. Box 1000, Malden, Mass.

Favorite Recipes From Many States

By Mary Lee Swann, The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Vegetable Salad.

DICE 1 cup of cooked carrots and 1 cup of cooked potatoes. Cut 1 cup of string beans in small pieces diagonally and thinly slice 1 crisp cucumber. Finely shred 1 cup of hard white cabbage. Arrange a bed of crisp lettuce leaves. Sprinkle the shredded cabbage over the lettuce. Arrange separate mounds of the other vegetables. To ¼ cup well seasoned French dressing add 1 sifted hard cooked egg and a few drops onion juice. Pour the dressing over the salad and serve very cold.

Jellied Chicken Salad.

To ¼ cup cold chicken stock add 2 ½ tablespoons gelatin and let stand 5 or 10 minutes. Dissolve in ½ cup highly seasoned hot chicken stock. Set in a pan of cold water and when mixture begins to congeal add 2 cups finely chopped cold chicken, 2 tablespoons minced green peppers and ¼ cup highly seasoned mayonnaise. Turn into a large mold, chill, turn out in center of platter and garnish with lettuce hearts and sliced tomatoes.

Quick Party Dessert.

To 1 pint of vanilla ice cream allow 1 cup of whipped cream and 1 cup chopped glace

fruits, pineapple, cherries etc. Sprinkle the bottom of sherbet glasses with the chopped fruits, cover with the ice cream and sprinkle with the chopped fruit. Cover with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored, and garnish with bits of bright fruit.

Plain Pie Crust.

To 1 ½ cups sifted soft wheat flour and 1 teaspoon salt add 6 or 7 tablespoons shortening and work it in with two forks or tips of fingers. Moisten with 2 ½ tablespoons ice water. Roll very lightly on lightly

floured board. If the lower crust is baked separately the oven should be about 450 degrees, or very hot. If the pie has a filling that needs to be cooked the pastry cannot be left long in an oven as hot as this because the crust bakes too fast for the

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann						
MONDAY Breakfast Fruit, Spanish Omelet, Lunch Savory Stew (Left-Over), Steamed Rice, Tomato and Cucumber Salad, Potatoes, French Dressing, Dinner Peanut Spring Chicken, Cream Sauce, Waffles, Jellied Fruit Salad, Noodles, Toasted Crackers, Half Cup Coffee.	TUESDAY Breakfast Fruit, Baked Beans, Potatoes, Omelet, Lunch Creamed Corn, Chicken, Chopped Beef, Toast, Lettuce and Cucumber Salad, Potatoes, French Dressing, Dinner Boiled Leg of Mutton, Caper Sauce, Baked Potatoes, Baked Beans, Toasted Crackers, Half Cup Coffee.	WEDNESDAY Breakfast Fruit, Omelet, Lunch Spaghetti a la Virginia, Sandwiches, Salad, Lettuce and Cucumber Salad, Potatoes, French Dressing, Dinner Boiled Leg of Mutton, Caper Sauce, Baked Potatoes, Baked Beans, Toasted Crackers, Half Cup Coffee.	THURSDAY Breakfast Fruit, Baked Beans, Potatoes, Omelet, Lunch Creamed Corn, Chicken, Chopped Beef, Toast, Lettuce and Cucumber Salad, Potatoes, French Dressing, Dinner Boiled Leg of Mutton, Caper Sauce, Baked Potatoes, Baked Beans, Toasted Crackers, Half Cup Coffee.	FRIDAY Breakfast Fruit, Creamed Corn, Baked Beans, Potatoes, Omelet, Lunch Creamed Corn, Chicken, Chopped Beef, Toast, Lettuce and Cucumber Salad, Potatoes, French Dressing, Dinner Boiled Leg of Mutton, Caper Sauce, Baked Potatoes, Baked Beans, Toasted Crackers, Half Cup Coffee.	SATURDAY Breakfast Fruit, Creamed Corn, Baked Beans, Potatoes, Omelet, Lunch Creamed Corn, Chicken, Chopped Beef, Toast, Lettuce and Cucumber Salad, Potatoes, French Dressing, Dinner Boiled Leg of Mutton, Caper Sauce, Baked Potatoes, Baked Beans, Toasted Crackers, Half Cup Coffee.	SUNDAY Breakfast Fruit, Creamed Corn, Baked Beans, Potatoes, Omelet, Lunch Creamed Corn, Chicken, Chopped Beef, Toast, Lettuce and Cucumber Salad, Potatoes, French Dressing, Dinner Boiled Leg of Mutton, Caper Sauce, Baked Potatoes, Baked Beans, Toasted Crackers, Half Cup Coffee.

American Weekly Patterns



7573 Dress. Designed in 9 sizes: 36, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52 and 54 inches bust measure. Size 46 will require 1 ½ yards of 32-inch material. Contrasting material requires 1 ½ yards 32 inches wide.

7570 Dress. Designed in 9 sizes: 36, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52 and 54 inches bust measure. Size 46 will require 1 ½ yards of 32-inch material. Contrasting material requires 1 ½ yards 32 inches wide.

7457 Dress. Designed in 9 sizes: 36, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52 and 54 inches bust measure. Size 46 will require 1 ½ yards of 32-inch material. Contrasting material requires 1 ½ yards 32 inches wide.

7566 Dress. Designed in 9 sizes: 36, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52 and 54 inches bust measure. Size 46 will require 1 ½ yards of 32-inch material. Contrasting material requires 1 ½ yards 32 inches wide.

7584 Suit. Designed in 4 sizes: 2, 3, 4 and 5 years. Size 3 will require 1 ½ yards of 32-inch material. Contrasting material requires 1 ½ yards 32 inches wide.

7576 Dress. Designed in 9 sizes: 36, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52 and 54 inches bust measure. Size 46 will require 1 ½ yards of 32-inch material. Contrasting material requires 1 ½ yards 32 inches wide.

filling. The temperature should be high (about 450 degrees) to start and then lowered rapidly after 8 or 10 minutes so that the filling may cook through without overcooking the crust.

Apple and Sweet Potato Surprise.

PLACE a layer of sliced boiled or baked sweet potatoes in a baking dish. Cover with thinly sliced raw or parboiled apples. Sprinkle with sugar and dot with butter. Bake in a moderate oven. Serve hot as vegetable or with cream and sugar as dessert.

Fruit Cup.

PEEL and slice 1 orange, 1 peach, and 1 banana and 1 slice of pineapple. Mix and add a few carefully washed raspberries. Sweeten to taste. Half fill tall slender glasses with the fruit mixture, cover with ice cream and garnish with bits of fruit.

Quick Charlotte Russe.

HAVE ready lady fingers, 1 pint of ice cream and 1 cup of thick cream. Line sherbet glasses with split lady fingers. Fill with ice cream and garnish with cream, beaten stiff and sweetened and flavored to taste. If desired, grate a little white chocolate over each serving. Serve immediately.

Beef à la Mode (By Request).

MIX 1 teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper, 1 tablespoon minced onion, 1 teaspoon thyme, 1 tablespoon minced parsley and 2 broken bay leaves. Cut ¼ pound salt pork in thin strips and roll in the mixed seasonings. Cut gashes ½ inch deep all over a 6-pound pot roast and insert the seasoned strips of pork. Roll the meat in ¼ cup vinegar and let stand in this overnight or from early morning until lunch. Finely chop 1 small onion and brown in 1 tablespoon fat in Dutch oven. Put in the roast and brown evenly on all sides. Add 5 sliced carrots, 1 or 2 turnips, and 1 can of strained tomatoes. Cover tightly and simmer 4 hours.

Macaroni Salad.

CUT 3 cups cooked macaroni and 1 cup of minced celery into small pieces and add the juice of 1 small onion. Pare, core and slice 1 ripe apple. Mix with the macaroni and add 12 sliced olives, 1 chopped pimiento, ¼ cup salad oil, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 teaspoon salt, a few grains pepper, 1 cup cooked or mayonnaise dressing and 2 tablespoons tomato catsup. Chill in ice box. Serve on bed of crisp lettuce. This salad is good with cold meat or meat loaf.

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Welch's is the grape juice doctors recommend for its purity. It is made from the finest grapes—washed clean, pressed, pasteurized and bottled under scientific laboratory control...under standards absolutely unequalled in the grape juice industry.

Welch's juice is rich in iron, vitamin B and calcium—those vital elements your children need to prevent anemia...to build red corpuscles...to develop strong bones and teeth.

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7 out of 10 smokers inhale knowingly—
the other 3 inhale unknowingly

Do you inhale? 7 out of 10 smokers *know* they inhale. The other 3 inhale without realizing it. Every smoker inhales—for every smoker breathes in some part of the smoke he or she draws out of a cigarette.

Do you inhale? Of course you do! Lucky Strike has dared to raise this vital question...**because** certain impurities concealed in even the finest, mildest tobacco leaves are removed by Luckies’ famous

purifying process. Luckies created that process. Only Luckies have it!

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